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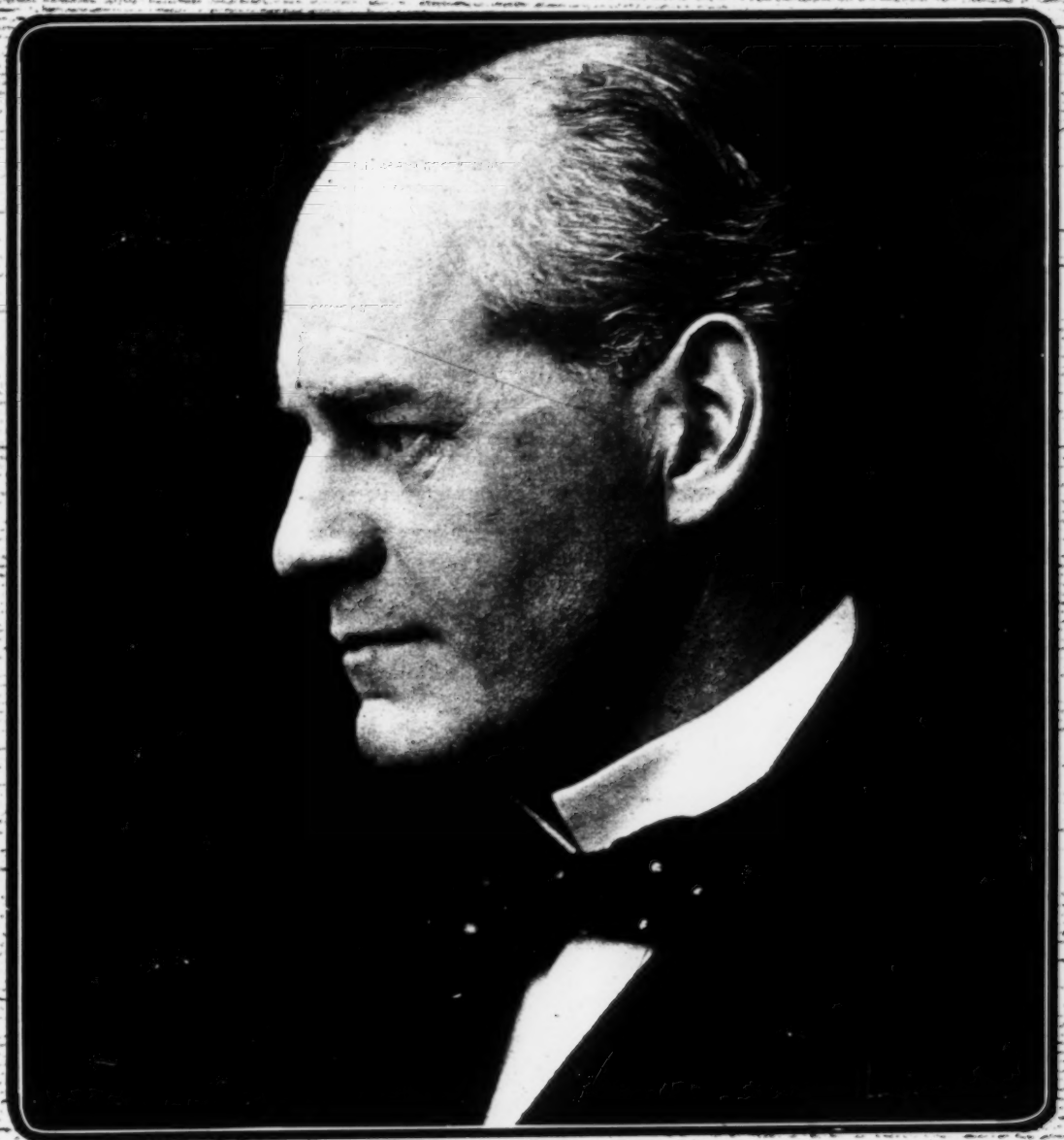

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The December issue of The Bookman has taken its place as one of the most important of the Christmas literary periodicals. Our last year's Christmas Double Number sold out immediately on publication, and the demand for this year's, which will be ready on the 1st of December, is already so large that we would urge all readers who are desirous of securing a copy to place their orders for it at once. In addition to four large and fully illustrated Supplements dealing with the new books of the season, this Christmas Number will contain a photogravure frontispiece portrait of Sir J. M. Barrie by Alvin Langdon Coburn; a series of beautifully reproduced engravings in colour; a presentation plate portrait of Ernest Thompson Seton; and numerous portraits, reproductions of paintings and drawings, and other black and white illustrations. It is the amplest and most interesting guide for the Christmas bookbuyer, and besides all The Bookman's usual features and an unusually large number of shorter reviews, will contain articles on "The Work of Sir J. M. Barrie," by Dixon Scott; "Ernest Thompson Seton," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "Kipling's Songs," by Perceval Gibbon; "The Early Wars of Wessex," by Professor Collingwood; "Art and Morals," by G. S. Layard; "Butler, Pleasant and Unpleasant," by George Sampson; "Gerhart Hauptmann," by Darrell Figgis; "Pillars of Society," by Wilfred Whitten; "Edmund Gosse's Prose Works," by Francis Bickley; "A Bookman's Letters," by Thomas Seccombe; etc., etc.

It is two years since Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt's last book "Off the Main Track," made its appearance. This autumn we are to have two new volumes from him—"The Old Transport Road," a travel book which Mr. Andrew Melrose is publishing, and a novel, "The Way of the Cardines," of which Mr. Werner Laurie is the publisher. Mr. Hyatt has spent much of his life in South Africa; he was himself a transport rider for several years, and the interest of "The Old Transport Road" lies in the fact that it pictures the lives of those who lived on the Great Road of South Africa before the railway came, and the number of men who can write of those days is small now, and grows smaller every year.

Mr. Frederick Niven, whose new novel, "Ellen Adair," we review on another page, was born in Valparaiso, Chili, thirty-seven years ago; he was brought home to Glasgow to be educated, and there studied in the Glasgow School of Art, his earlier leanings being towards painting and not letters. Wanderfret drew him away to Western Canada, whilst he was still in his teens, and some of his experiences of life there have been gathered up into certain of his stories. Last year he returned to Canada, accompanied by his wife, and thence contributed several admirable sketches of Western life to *The Daily News*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and *The World's Work*. Another novel of Mr Niven's

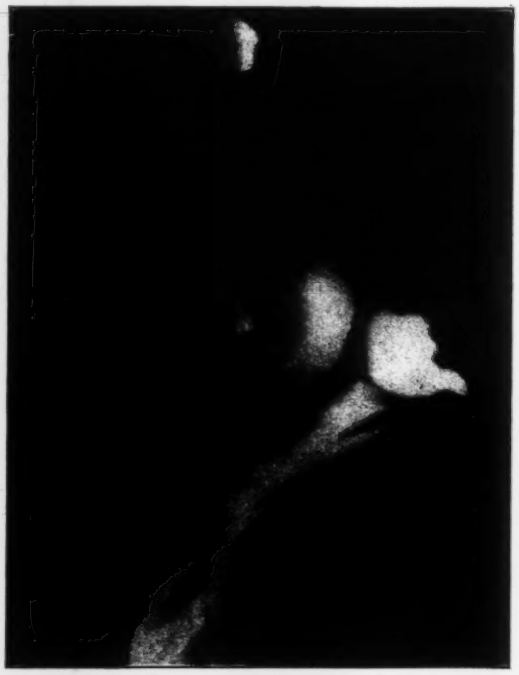


Photo by Miss Ysaulte Parnell. **Mrs. Stewart Erskine,**
whose new novel, "The Ring of Necessity," will be published this month by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

which is appearing over here this autumn, "Hands Up!" (Martin Secker) was published some little time ago in the United States, both serially and in book form, and met with considerable success. It is an adventure story that tells of the passing of "The Apache Kid," already known to readers of "The Lost Cabin Mine," one of the earliest and ablest of his books. Perhaps he reaches the highest level of his achievement, so far, in "The Porcelain Lady" and "Ellen Adair"; he has written nothing more powerful nor more poignantly human than the closing scenes in the last of these two books. Mr. Niven has contributed a good deal of occasional poetry to *The Athenæum*, *The Academy*, *The Nation*, and other journals, and not a few of his readers, we are sure, would welcome a collection of this in more permanent form.

Photo by Walter Benington, 14, Conduit Street, W.
Mr. Holbrook Jackson,
whose new book of essays, "The Eighteen Nineties," has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards.

Photo by James Thomson, Inverness.
Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin.
Mr. Martin, who is a brother of the late Bradley Martin, has written a volume of his recollections, "Things I Remember," which Mr. Eveleigh Nash published last month.

A complete edition in one volume of Francis Thompson's collected poems will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton this month. In addition to the posthumous poems, the book includes the three volumes published during Thompson's life: "Poems" (with "The Hound of Heaven"), "Sister Songs," and "New Poems." The volume is to be sumptuously produced, and will be uniform in size and general appearance with "The Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling," that was published by the same firm last year.

Irene Burn.
(Mrs. Wilkins).

Madame Vernet, who appears in our portrait group of Mr. Leonard Merrick and his family, is a grand-niece of Horace Vernet, who painted one of the most famous portraits of Napoleon. She is a Professeur de diction du Conservatoire et Membre de la Societe des Gens de Lettres.

Mrs. Charlotte Cameron has recently returned from a long and adventurous journey across Africa, and has written an account of her experiences, which is to be published shortly by Mr. Stanley Paul.

The first book published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins—Mr. W. Riley's novel, "Windyridge"—is now in its tenth thousand, and a handsome new edition of it is to be issued shortly, containing six mounted plates of the Yorkshire village and its surroundings in which the scenes of the story are laid.

Miss Irene Burn, whose new novel Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing, is the author of two other striking stories of Anglo-Indian life, "The Unknown Steersman" and "The Unforgiving Minute," both of which were published by Mr. Unwin. Miss Burn, who is the wife of an Anglo-Indian journalist, has

Mr. Leonard Merrick, Miss Lesley Merrick, Madame Nancy Vernet, and Mrs. Merrick (seated).

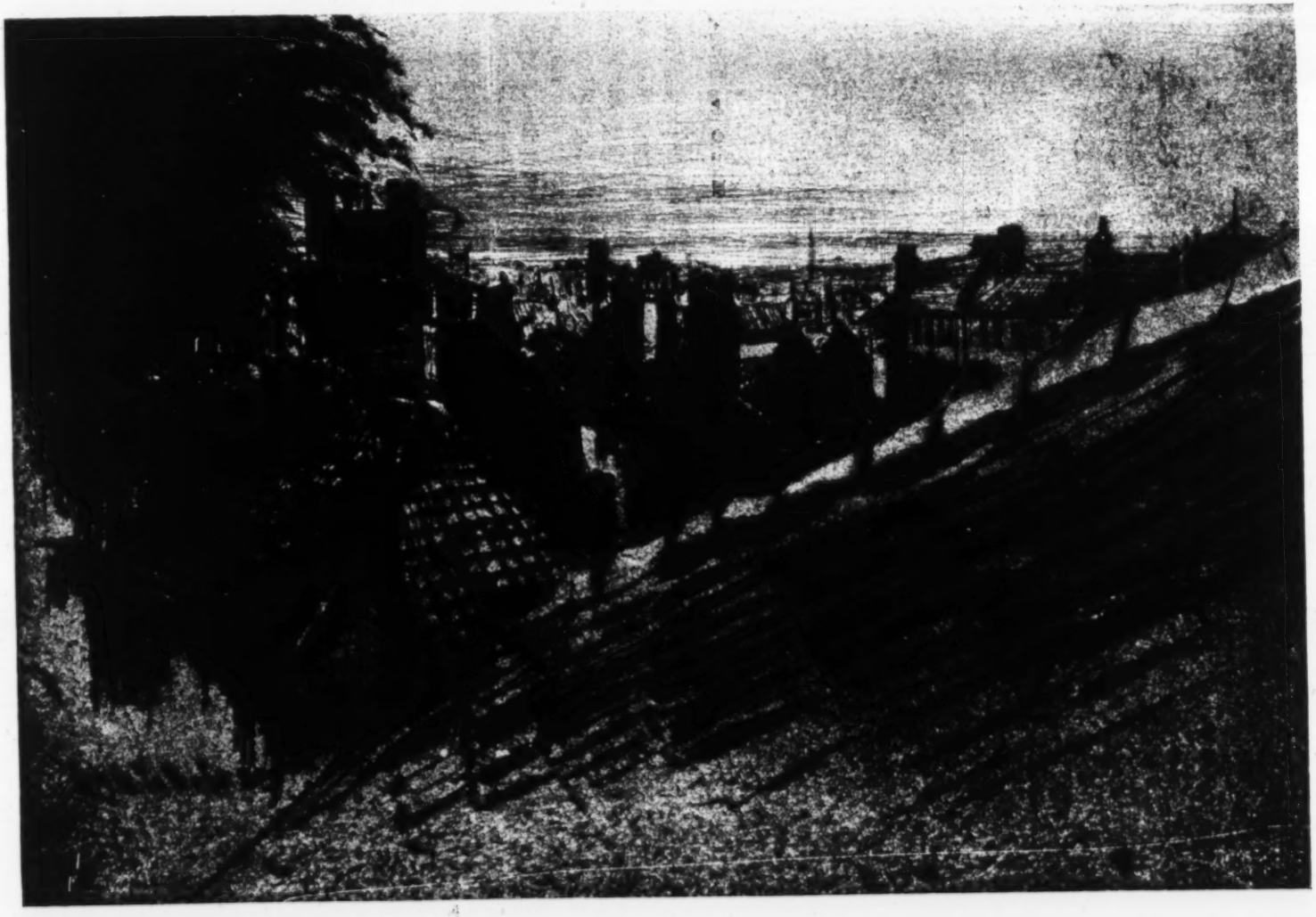
Mr. Leonard Merrick is engaged on a new novel, and we hope next month to make an announcement concerning the collected edition of his works that is in course of preparation.

resided in India since her marriage. She took good place in the Honours Schools of Classics. She is devoted to outdoor pursuits, especially riding and tennis. Her knowledge of Hindustani enables her to enter freely into the hidden life of the Indian woman, and the portions of her new novel in which she does so are especially vivid and true.

Last month we reproduced from the Borrow Celebration Souvenir two of Miss C. M. Nichols's drawings of the interior of Borrow's house at Norwich, and on the opposite page we now reproduce one of the four vivid and delicately finished etchings in the same artist's portfolio, "The Haunts of George Borrow in and around Norwich," which is published by Messrs. Jarrold & Sons. Miss Nichols was born in Surrey Street, Norwich, and now has her studio in the same street. Her father, William Peter Nichols, practised in partnership with Dr. Edward Lubbock, a distinguished practitioner in his day, and their house was a meeting place for the leading literary and political lights of the town. Miss Nichols had no regular training as an artist; she had a year or two of tuition under an excellent drawing-mistress at school, and afterwards continued, as she had begun, to train herself by painting natural flowers and, occasionally, birds at the museum. She taught herself by studying alone at the National Gallery, and in various foreign galleries during her travels; she painted much in Normandy, at Lourdes, in Cornwall, and these pictures are now in private collections. Then from painting she turned to etching. "The first thing I did," she says, "was hung at the Royal Academy, and I have since had three or four etchings and water-colours at a time on the walls at Burlington House. I have also exhibited in Melbourne, Munich, and in many English cities and towns. I have done considerably over one hundred plates—all printed by Mr. F. Goulding, of Shepherd's Bush. As a rule I choose my subject among trees, whether in oil, water-colour or on copper. My father wished me to paint in oil, and left me money for that purpose. He had made a collection of oil pictures, and old Crome went frequently to my grandfather's and taught my aunts for ten years. I was thus surrounded by good colour all my life. I prefer oils to any medium, but water-colours insist on being used for some subjects." When the Royal Society of Painter Etchers was instituted, Miss Nichols was made a Fellow—the first Lady Fellow, and the only one for some ten years. Her etching has been chiefly dry-point work. She has done a great deal in charcoal, and likes the pencil as much as any medium. She never studied at South Kensington, but has taken prizes there for oil-paintings. "I am self-taught," she says. "No professors ever instructed me in the use of oils, water-colours or the etching tool, nor have I ever been taught miniature work of which I have done not a little, since I took it up a few years back." She has written from time to time for the magazines and newspapers, and has published a novel, and a volume of poems, the latter being illustrated with her own etchings. She has had several very successful "one-man" shows in London, and has several of her pictures on show at the Exhibition that is now being held in Norwich by the Norwich Art Circle, which should give her native city an opportunity to prove that, however it may be with a prophet, a prophetess is not without honour in her own country, so that Miss Nichols may no longer be moved to remark, "I have never received much encouragement in Norwich. It seems to me strange that, born of parents remarkable on both sides for descent, character, and social standing, and living so much of my life in the city of Crome, I should have been allowed to starve, so far as artistic appreciation goes—and had it not been for my own peculiar temperament, I *should* have starved. It is not owing to the

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Miss C. M. Nichols.



From an etching by C. M. Nichols, R.E., in "Haunts of George Borrow in and around Norwich." A series of four Etchings. (Jarrold & Sons.)

View of Norwich from George Borrow's window.

discrimination of Norwich that I did not." Miss Nichols is an artist of high and original gifts, and this reproach of neglect is one that Norwich should make haste to remove.

Miss Olave Potter has collaborated with Mr. Douglas Sladen in writing "Weeds: A Story of Women Shifting for Themselves," which Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have just published. The novel deals with the difficulties in finding work for themselves experienced by educated women who have to make their own living without having received any commerical training. Miss Potter is the author of that delightful book "A Little Pilgrimage in Italy," which was published last year with illustrations by Yoshio Markino.

Frank Hamel, who has written for Messrs. Cassell a new volume on that mysterious personage "Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope," is a young lady whose masculine name has frequently misled critics and the public into assuming that she belongs to that privileged sex which possesses a vote. Her first book, "Famous French Salons," was published no longer than five years ago, and she has followed it with various other volumes, including one on "Madame du Chatelet," and one on "The Dauphines of France." She took up the subject of Lady Hester Stanhope a few years ago, but was deterred for a time from going on with it by the appearance of another book on the same theme, and it has turned out that the delay was rather fortunate, because two years back she was able to trace the whereabouts of new and important material, some of which she came across by sheer accident during her travels abroad. Miss Hamel has made a particular study of French history and biography, and as a reviewer and miscellaneous journalist has contributed articles to THE BOOKMAN, *The Globe*, *Westminster Gazette*, *T. P.'s Weekly*, and other well-known periodicals.

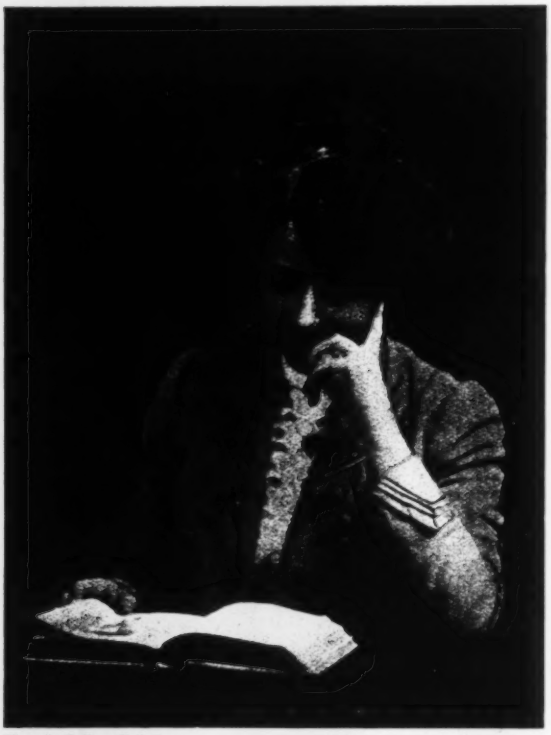


Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Miss Frank Hamel.**

Photo by Canadian Studios, Sloane Street, W. **Miss Olave Potter.**

The first of THE BOOKMAN Extra Numbers: "Robert Louis Stevenson: The Man and His Work," is now ready. It is a handsomely produced volume, strongly bound in canvas, of over two hundred pages, and among its literary contributions are an article by Stevenson himself on "Books that Influenced Me," and poems and personal or critical essays by Sir J. M. Barrie, William Watson, Edmund Gosse, C.B., Austin Dobson, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, Eve Blantyre Simpson, S. R. Crockett, Ian Maclaren, H. C. Beeching, Y. Y., Alice Gordon, Charles Lowe, and Neil Munro. There is a photogravure frontispiece portrait of Stevenson, eight plates beautifully reproduced in colour, numerous portraits, from paintings, drawings and photographs, of Stevenson and his friends, photographs and sketches of places associated with him, drawings of scenes from his books and facsimiles of letters from him to Sir Sidney Colvin. All the illustrations, and there are upwards of a hundred, are separate from the text and printed on special art paper. The price is 5s. net.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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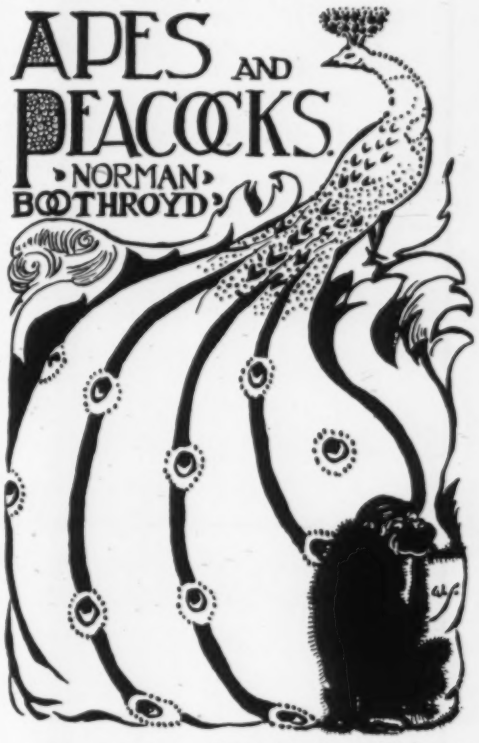

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JOHN GALSWORTHY.

By Richard Curle.

THE writings of Mr. Galsworthy, divisible as they are into the three classes of plays, novels, and short studies (his poems are a mere recreation), have nevertheless a singular unity. For at the back of his work there lie two very strong motives, a moral fervour and a literary fervour. He has the instinct of the social reformer joined to the instinct of the artist. The conjunction of them gives to his presentation of life (especially in his later books) a marked restraint and balance. And this is due not only to his sense of artistic finish, but also to his knowledge that a cause gains immensely which can be proved out of its opponents' mouths. For this is what his method amounts to. Mr. Galsworthy's detachment is, as a writer aptly puts it in an old number of *The Nation*, "an artistic device, not a matter of divine indifference." It is not the serene detachment of a Henry James, but the self-conscious detachment of a man who wants to present a problem without the faintest suggestion of exaggeration. His aim, in fact, is to show that human failure is a result not so much of differences in intention as of differences in outlook. He is indeed fond of the startling method of making evident the well-meaningness of everybody concerned with some gigantic social inequality or injustice. For behind all lives he sees the universal longings, hopes, and disillusionments, and in the schemes of men the ideal so clouded under the prejudice of environment and superstition. For he is too much of a philosopher not to be aware that the aim of life—the pursuit of happiness—is essentially the same in all people. This tends to make his books more interesting in regard to the comparison of characters and the situations in which they find themselves than in the actual characters. His justice and comprehension are wide enough to embrace everyone, but it is rather in relation to the blindness and unhappiness of all persons, than in sympathy with the individual humanity of each person. This is a pitfall into which artistic moralists are liable to tumble. For in spite of all his balancing of one side against the other, Mr. Galsworthy loses in a double sense that aloofness without which it seems so impossible to create real people. To begin with, his choice of subject has to be arbitrary, must be a defined problem; and secondly, he is too pronounced a reformer not to make it obvious as a rule on which side he takes rank. Although he endeavours to formulate the pros and cons of a question with a scrupulous fairness, it is not usually difficult to guess with whom his sympathies are ranged. This is all the more plain, because in some of his works it is true, he drops altogether the cloak of watcher and adopts that of a partisan contemptuous of the other half. But this bitterness is more discernible in his earlier work than in his later. In "The Island Pharisees," for instance, he does not try to conceal how much he despises the wealthy English family (although even here the system of balancing is at work) whereas in his recent novel "The Patrician" it would be for once hard to say whether the democracy as represented by Mr. Courtier or the aristocracy as represented by Lord Miltoun has his greater sympathy.

Thus the first thing to bear in mind in considering Mr. Galsworthy is this intense but judicial treatment of the problems of real life. Whether he is social reformer turned literary man or whether he is literary man beguiled into social reform does not much matter. The strength and the weakness of it are apparent. His absorption with problems of this kind gives him impressive subjects for his art, but on the other side, it is apt to make him forget that the province of art is to create and not to preach.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. John Galsworthy.**

Another peculiar thing which is observable in all Mr. Galsworthy's work is the mixture of hardness and tenderness in his atmosphere. Perhaps his hardness arises from his way of looking at individuals in a rather inhuman, collective aspect, as part of some abuse he wishes to point out prominently, and not as being intensely alive, problematical, and obscure in themselves. Through all his compassion for suffering one cannot help feeling his incapacity to probe into minds beyond a conventional depth; that is to say, he does not as a rule have sufficient creative power to force us to see his people apart from a background of pronounced but rather general characteristics.

And yet in his descriptions of love and early

spring he approximates very nearly to the spirit of Tourgenev. He too is profoundly dominated by the beauty, the sadness, underlying the awakened forces of life, and profoundly aware of the inevitable change guiding the world and carrying along with it the romance and desires of youth. A melancholy yearning interweaves itself with his hard preciseness. Perhaps after all both arise from that undeceiving process which so often dawns upon the believer in life. In his recognition of the injustice ruling a world so capable of happiness, in his knowledge of the fleetingness of all that is valuable in individual existence, he achieves possibly this practical and yet romantic outlook.

His pictures of warm summer nights in London are especially memorable. They breathe, as it were, the perfumed mystery of some new and devouring passion. This is the sort of thing in which his works abound:

"Outside, over the dark gardens, the moon hung full and almost golden. Its honey-pale light filtered down on every little shape of tree, and leaf, and sleeping flower. That soft, vibrating radiance seemed to have woven all into one mysterious whole, stilling disharmony, so that each little separate shape had no meaning to itself. ("Fraternity," p. 345.)

This extract represents the kind of background to "The Island Pharisees," "The Country House," "The Man of Property," "Fraternity," "The Patrician," "The Dark Flower." Not that these books always treat of London or summer, but because the sense of the strange, waiting forces of Nature haunts his work and the minds of his figures, surrounds them with an essence of fatality and dim purpose.

Here is a similar type of extract, which is written of the country and not of the town, but still holds within it the same wistful spirit:

"Truly peace brooded over that garden. The night seemed listening—all lights out, all hearts at rest. It watched, with a little white star for every tree, and roof, and slumbering tired flower, as a mother watches her sleeping child, leaning above him and counting with her love every hair of his head, and all his tiny tremors." ("The Patrician," p. 26.)

This intermingled atmosphere then, this atmosphere severe and soft, is the second thing to bear in mind about Mr. Galsworthy.

And these two things together, his choice and treatment of subject, and the light in which he wraps them, give to all his work that feeling of unity, that singular cohesive quality, which is mentioned at the beginning of this article. They are not only the productions of one mind, but the productions of one progressive idea.

Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn. **Wingstone, Manaton.**

Mr. John Galsworthy's home in Devonshire.

It is indeed impossible to judge Mr. Galsworthy from a literary standpoint alone in the same sense as we can judge de Maupassant for example. Almost everything he writes has that element of the tract about it which at once puts it on a different level. That he is the most artistic of moralists does not make him less a moralist; it only makes his moralising more weighty.

It is probably this very thing which causes his plays to be so arresting on the stage. Here is the one situation in which art is legitimately wedded to preaching. The modern literary moralists have almost all taken to the drama as the pulpit from which to expound their theories on the decay and the reconstruction of society. The purely literary drama cannot now exist in England, as witness the failure of plays by Mr. James and Mr. Conrad; but the drama of literary moralising is growing increasingly influential, as witness the success of plays by Mr. Shaw, Mr. Barker, Mr. Galsworthy. Of this last group Mr. Galsworthy is, perhaps, the most impressive because he is the most natural and the most impersonal. Although it is not difficult to perceive that his unbiased presentation of all sides of a question is largely a ruse to press home more directly his point, still one cannot avoid seeing that he does admit that there are other arguable positions besides his own.

Moreover, he does give his characters an air of reality, does suggest that they are like people you really do meet. Mr. Shaw's characters, however, are nearly all Mr. Shaw or (which comes to much the same) exactly what Mr. Shaw would not like to be. He can create ideas, he cannot really create people. They all seem to fall back sooner or later into the one fatal rut. Like Meredith he is too clever to stifle himself, too brillaint to be a great artist. Mr. Galsworthy has escaped this. His characters are not bizarre, or, in themselves, concerned with righting the world. He, unlike Mr. Shaw, keeps his moralising for the plot alone. His figures are the dull, kindly people of every day caught in the web of circumstance and institution. Throughout his plays everything is plausible and unstrained. And yet over all there is evident a dogmatic hand pointing out the cankers eating into the heart of life.

In this respect it is very interesting to compare his two greatest plays, "Strife" and "Justice." On the stage "Strife" was infinitely more suggestive, for the simple reason that it was more subtly unbiased. In "Justice" one was so conscious throughout of special pleading

(inevitable in the conception of the play) that a feeling of fatigue took the place of the excitement which was the outcome of watching the former. In "Strife" the balancing was remarkably skilful, but in "Justice" the very subject precluded all that, although the whole effort was to prove that it was the system, not the workers of the system, that was to blame. The harrowing scene in which the convict clerk is alone in the cell, not a word being uttered, was yet far less terrible than the scene in which old Anthony is thrown over by his Board in "Strife."

Mr. John Galsworthy,
on the mare that plays a part in his "Riding in Mist."

This last play is, in truth, Mr. Galsworthy's greatest achievement. The tense atmosphere, the comparison between the rich, nervous Board and the starving, nervous strikers; the folly and despair of it all, are very impressively unrolled. The stolid, unyielding Anthony in juxtaposition to the fiery, unyielding Roberts has a tragic irony about it that is rarely met with. The power of the play lies essentially in the fact that the leading figures do show creation and are not mere puppets. For creation is the one thing in art which really elates, and it is the one absolutely necessary thing. Without it there can be no survival, for without it all life and all deductions from lives can be nothing but an appearance and a mirage.

It is indeed in drama that the born moralist like Mr. Galsworthy is able to develop his theories to best advantage. For, after all, the drawing of individuality need not be so sensitive as in a novel (the actor largely building up the illusion of it), and the dramatist can devote himself to a thorough working out of the possibilities of a given situation or idea. When, as in the case of "Strife," the characters are so clearly visualised that acting only enhances a reality that is already there, the result is an actual triumph. The comparative failure of its successor "Justice" may be the first warning that Mr. Galsworthy is slipping away too far, not from the technique but from the spirit of art. For art, though with wider latitudes, imposes itself in a play just as forcibly as in any other form of literature.

Again, the theatre is the suitable ground for Mr. Galsworthy, because in it the psychology of situation is more important than the psychology of character pure and simple, and in all Mr. Galsworthy's works there is very strongly that dramatic feeling, which accentuates the former at the expense of the latter. A play like "The Silver Box," where there is a very definite situation, is therefore, much more successful than a play like "Joy," where there is a considerable vagueness.

It thus comes about that in judging of Mr. Galsworthy's novels, one must imagine that to a considerable extent they are plays in the form of narrative. Roughly speaking, there is the problem in the middle, and on either side of it the two sets of people battling against it from different positions. That is the kind of impression one gathers from the perusal of such a work as the early "Island Pharisees" and as the late "Patrician." The tone certainly has become much mellower, much more judicial, but the impression does not alter. In

Mrs. Galsworthy,
who, besides being her husband's most delicate, drastic and punctilious critic, has set many of his verses to music.

Mr. John Galsworthy.
The spaniel in these two photographs is the dog of "Memories," and in some sort the original of the spaniel "John."

"The Island Pharisees" it is the English middle class which is the butt. On the one hand there is the uneasy, questioning Shelton, the cynical, enlightened Ferrand, both kicking against the social pricks; on the other, apparently everyone else in the book. At this stage Mr. Galsworthy had not attained his impartial standpoint of to-day. His bias is energetically obvious, although in the preface of the new edition he more or less admits that Shelton at any rate is not much less of a Pharisee than Antonia and the rest. In "The Patrician," the contrast is between the comparative worth of aristocracy and democracy. On the one hand there is the independent, modern Courtier, the courageous untrammelled Mrs. Noel, on the other, the whole family and connection of the Caradocs.

Both these works are, essentially, plays rather than novels. Both might have been capital as plays, both are poor as novels. In the two books together there is in fact only one quite vitally interesting person—the Lord Miltoun of "The Patrician." He is a brilliant study of the ascetic, earnest young aristocrat, who every now and then issues upon politics, profoundly convinced that he has a duty direct from God for the governing of the universe. But apart from this figure, and, in a lesser degree, that of Mrs. Noel, the books are crowded with dolls, active, opinionated, and lifeless. This is the danger of a dramatist writing novels. The books are neither convincing, nor, what is more serious still, even interesting.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mrs. John Galsworthy.**

If Mr. Galsworthy had to be criticised as a novelist on the strength of those two novels and of his volume of stories "Villa Rubein," he would really take a very poor place, but this of course is not so. He has to his credit three much greater performances, so much greater indeed that they belong to quite a different order. These three are "The Country House," "The Man of Property" and "Fraternity." But in these books, too, it is well to remember that they are the work of a man whose insight into character is dramatic rather than illuminating; that is to say, it is the insight which grasps the atmosphere of some event rather than that which creates. Mr. Galsworthy is not an innovator, he is an observer. His figures lack somehow that breath of life which marks the most distinguished writing. Even Mrs. Pendyce in "The Country House," the tenderest and most refined of his portraits, is as representative of the yearning love of motherhood in general as of the anxious solicitude of the individual mother. Her husband again shows absolutely the landmarks of a recognised type. Both of them are real in themselves, but both of them are too typical to be quite individual. The truth is, everybody in Mr. Galsworthy stands for an idea as well as for a human being, and though this may add to their value as characters in books written with a purpose (which in one sense or other of the word his books most decidedly are), it does detract from their air of actuality. It is one of the several inherent snares awaiting the moralist in art.

Over this book, as over so many of his others, there lies that strange atmosphere of a summer evening. The visit paid by Mrs. Pendyce to her son's rooms in London suggests very beautifully the kind of exhaustion falling upon hot London at close of the day, and the exhaustion that has fallen upon the heart of her son. This is the most moving scene in the whole of Mr. Galsworthy. The intuition of the mother is extraordinarily touching. George Pendyce's love affair with Mrs. Bellow is tragedy of a high order. The slow change in her from passion to aversion, and his perception of what is taking place, has that element of utter despair about it which one feels in reading of the death of Rima in the magical "Green Mansions" of Mr. Hudson. Moreover, this book gains in value from the fact that the problem part of it is more blended with the current of customary events than is usual. It is, in fact, more natural. The idea of the social conflict is still there, but it is not put forward as the obvious structure of the work. It may, perhaps, be called a satire on the county family, just as the "Man of Property" may be called a satire on the city magnate.

The wealthy Forsytes, the old brothers clinging to the family but secretly irritated with one another, secretly hoping that they are each the richest, secretly longing to have an actual proof of their own superior substance, are very ably described. The strange cruelty of aged people towards other aged people, even those they have known for life, and their pathetic warmth for youth; their set habits and their impatience with the set habits of others, their fifty-year-old grievances slowly smouldering in the hidden recesses of the mind; their intolerance and their tenderness—all these are portrayed with the hand of a master. The petty jealousies of a family, persistent and meaningless, augmented in old age by a sort of contemptuous envy of each other's children; and yet, beneath all, the desire to keep united as a family and to know all about the affairs of one another—that is the main idea on which this book is founded.

But here, too, there is visible that more-or-less ineffectual struggling of a woman against the circle she finds herself in, which is visible in most of his novels. In "The Country House" it is Margery Pendyce and Helen Bellew, in "Fraternity" it is Bianca Dallison and the little model (June Dallison is not really an example), in "The Patrician" it is Barbara Caradoc and Audrey Noel, and in "The Man of Property" it is Irene Forsyte. Her character is (with the possible exception of Bianca Dallison's) the most enigmatic in the writings of Mr. Galsworthy, that mixture of the gentle and the passionate which is so arresting. Her husband Soames, a prig and a stupid cad, is, nevertheless, almost pitiable as a mate to this charming and incomprehensible woman. In the blindness of his soul he is aware of the deep unrest of an unsatisfied love, an unrest which reveals itself in fits of sneering and ferocity. But of these two figures, the woman is at heart more intractable than the man, more unforgiving, more dangerous. Irene is almost Russian in her *abandon* and her indecision. The situation between her and June Forsyte (the young girl whose lover, Philip Bosinney, she has allowed herself half-unconsciously to steal) is a poignant one, a situation handled with that sensitive fineness with which Mr. Galsworthy always treats the disasters and the happinesses of love.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. John Galsworthy.

Bosinney himself is not particularly good. The swing of the pendulum of his affections from June to Irene is convincingly imagined, but his own character does not stand forth clearly, and his death under the wheels of an omnibus fails to stir any profound sense of tragedy. As in all Mr. Galsworthy's books, there are in this one, too, numerous people who are neither very striking nor very bad, the numerous people who, in a play, are real or unreal, according to the genius of the actor. Such a one is young Jolyon Forsyte, in whom it is impossible to acquire much interest. But the old brothers Forsyte are differentiated with a very skilful nicety.

"Fraternity" is in some ways a much simpler production than either "The Country House" or "The Man of Property." The canvas is more contracted, the number of figures is smaller. But in a certain lyrical fervour it excels them both, and in a certain rare delicacy of emotion and contrast. The old semi-mad father preaching his doctrine of a universal brotherhood in the very household where a real tragedy of passion is being enacted, the barrier widening with its deadly certitude between husband and wife, while, in the next room, the Spartan optimist pours out his impersonal love in the endless and incoherent pages of his book, has something about it very thrilling, very ironical. And there is much refinement in the comparison between the households of the two Dallisons. Bianca and Cecilia, Hilary and Stephen are life-like in a way few of Mr. Galsworthy's creatures are life-like. So, too, are the old father (a wonderful portrait of a man with an *idée fixe*, a man utterly inhuman, utterly selfless, and utterly devoted), Thyme Dallison, and Martin.

But Mr. Purcey is one of Mr. Galsworthy's typically false people—just a clothes-horse. Nor is the little model altogether satisfying. Hilary's infatuation for her has small air of probability about it—that is the weakest spot in this strong and remarkable book. The estrangement between Hilary and Bianca would have appeared almost more sad, more full still of bitter regret, had she never existed at all. For she is not the cause of the estrangement, but only supplementary to it. It is a much deeper, a much more inexplicable thing—an antagonism unconnected with hatred, an antagonism slow, hopeless, elemental. One of the saddest imaginable things is their moment of passionate reconciliation in the dark warmth of her room, a moment snatched fearfully by both from the memory of their love flowing away from them into a future without hope, a moment known to be fleeting, and, perhaps, only a memory even whilst it is being seized.

This book, owing to its compactness and finish, is probably the most generally perfect of Mr. Galsworthy's novels. As in all his other writings, there is noticeable that hardness and softness, that atmosphere half French and half Russian; but here, more than elsewhere, there is an abiding romantic glow, the glow of the London summer spreading itself over the unrest of hearts, tormenting them with its longings and soothing them with its softness.

It is very unaccountable that after so rich a book, Mr. Galsworthy should have produced so commonplace a one as "The Patrician." As was said before, there are indeed two striking figures in it, Lord Miltoun and Mrs. Noel, and the whole atmosphere is of the same order as in his previous novels, but the other characters are little better than puppets. Courtier and the Caradocs are insipid and conventional types. They simply lack the breath of life. It is true that Mr. Galsworthy's judicial impartiality is purer here than elsewhere (though there is too obvious a problem for the book to be great

art), but, all in all, the production is mediocre and quite unworthy of him—in fact, it very nearly approaches the obtuse.

There exists here to a very marked extent a thing which exists more or less in all his novels—an incapacity for real dialogue. Mr. Galsworthy never seems to have conquered a tendency to woodenness in the talk he puts into the mouths of his characters. In that he resembles Mr. Hardy when he makes the upper classes converse (the talk of his peasants is life-like). Mr. Galsworthy's impression of character is conveyed by action and implication much more than by conversation, which in his hands is far too liable to amplify the idea of the plot or moral, instead of the idea of the character—another pitfall of the artistic moralist.

There is no space here to discuss Mr. Galsworthy's most recent novel "The Dark Flower" (I have reviewed it separately in another column), but I will merely say that it represents powerfully the melancholy irony of his mind. It is a better book than "The Patrician," but it has the limitations of a novel in which the idea dominates the characters.

As a novelist his chief drawbacks are that he is not original in a great sense, and that he is not sufficiently an artist. But against that it may be stated that he is philosophic, intellectual, and has a strong feeling for atmosphere. He is primarily not a novelist, but his novels are the work of an extremely gifted amateur.

There remains still to be discussed his three volumes of short sketches, "A Commentary," "A Motley," and "The Inn of Tranquility." These suggest in an epitome his faults and successes as a novelist, though here the hardness and the softness are inclined to pervade individually a sketch instead of being mixed together. For instance, a miniature like "Comfort" ("A Commentary") is as hard and unsympathetic as an east wind, whereas "Old Age" ("A Commentary") and "Once More" ("A Motley") are gentle and melancholy. One is very much aware in these three books of the mingled contempt and compassion in his views on life. Some of these little pictures are beautifully exact in their proportions, and as polished as prose poems, but they give, as a body, rather the impression that the author divides too sharply this line between those for whom he has contempt, and those for whom he has compassion. It is not an important point in itself, but it emphasises a fault which is easily observable in all his earlier work.

Snapshots of Mr. Galsworthy's garden and the country near his house in Devonshire.

"The sunset's vanishing apace,
But we'll go jogging, jogging on;
The land's all like a maiden's face,
The more you look the less you see,
'Tis all a glowing mystery,
And we'll go jogging on."

From "Land Song of the West Country." *Moods, Songs and Doggerels.* By John Galsworthy (Heinemann).

These little sketches are by no means a negligible item in Mr. Galsworthy's work. In themselves they are at the best almost perfect, though at the worst curiously bad; but as clues to his opinions and trends they are invariably apt.

There is one minor thing that should be noticed particularly about Mr. Galsworthy, that is his love of and sympathy with animals, especially dogs. In the spaniels of "The Country House," the bull-dog of "Fraternity," the terriers of "A Fisher of Men" ("A Motley") and in many other instances and stray remarks, there is evidence of this. He holds a theory about them very far removed from the automata theory of Descartes; indeed he considers that they differ from humans not so much in intelligence, or at any rate force of character, as in kind.

And for trees too, for woods, for flowers, he has a genuine love. In his worship of Nature he seems to perceive a spirit lurking within the visible semblance. That is why his descriptions, which though poetical, are not really very exquisite, do have the power of giving the sad and beautiful sensations of Spring and starry nights.

Mr. John Galsworthy.
From a snapshot taken in his garden.

Mr. Galsworthy is a man of great talent, great depth of feeling, great comprehension, but he is not a great genius. One has only to compare him with a contemporary like Mr. Conrad to see the difference. It is perhaps difficult to express it in words, but it is entirely unmistakable. Nor is he, at heart, a novelist. Other men of great talent like Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett are, at heart, novelists, but Mr. Galsworthy is not. His novels, excellent and unusual as they are, are always somewhat stilted. They are not eccentric, they are angular. They are the work of a writer who has never quite learnt his trade, probably never quite could learn it. It is as a dramatist that his reputation is most surely held, and it is as a dramatist that he is likely to continue to hold it. The outward smoothness of his plays covers, but does not hide, the eloquence of a burning conviction. If in his style and in his character studies there is no grand creative faculty, no first-rate original gift, there is, however, the clear reflection of a lofty and searching intelligence, an intelligence at once critical and humane. It is a precious distinction.

WALTER PATER.*

BY T. E. PAGE.

THE word "preciosity" is neither a beautiful nor a common word, but it starts to the lips unsought almost with the first glance into this volume. The subject and the treatment of it seem alike to be, if not "too bright," at least "too good for human nature's daily food," and the motto *Odi profanum vulgus* might fitly be set upon the title-page. The very first sentence immediately raises the reader above the level of everyday life into a region where phrases are the only realities. "Walter Pater," says the writer, "is a hero—our modern English half-hero, half-martyr of Style," and the plain man is at once set wondering whether Pater was or was not "a hero," and, if he was, why he should be at once degraded to "a half-hero," and even then only of our "modern English" type—if such there be—who are also "half-martyrs" to some divinity called "Style"; though why they should stay half-way and not be at once complete heroes and complete martyrs it is impossible to determine. But perhaps Mr. Thomas should be excused for writing so curiously. He himself on one occasion describes Pater as "attempting to build up a scene out of sterilised words in a vacuum," and he has no doubt felt the fascination to do the like. For, indeed, the art of weaving words into strange patterns, purely from delight in the pattern, has a singular attraction for many minds, and of that art Pater was a devotee. He seems to care less for what he says than for how he says it, and he polishes to the utmost. He wrote, we are told, on ruled paper with the alternate lines left blank for corrections, and then "the revised work was copied, again only on alternate lines, for further elaboration." He thus "tends to encourage meticulosity in detail and single words, rather than a regard for form in its largest sense." There is nothing big or daring about him. His pen never runs away with him, and so he never sweeps the reader, as it were, off his legs; nor, indeed, has he the least wish to do so. Beautiful composition is in his judgment something to linger over, to savour delicately like fine wine, and he would have "the susceptible reader" give it "minute consideration," and "find one of his greatest pleasures in the critical tracing out of conscious artistic structure." And the result of all this is that he is never simple, easy and unaffected, while, so far from being natural, he even "attained an exquisite unnaturalness." At least that is how Mr. Thomas puts it (p. 220), and then immediately goes on (p. 221) to apologise for the "irreverence of discussing Pater's style," while on his last page he says that this same style "is meant for posterity and stands on foundations above the tides of time." Plain folk, however, may perhaps wonder whether either posterity or the tides of time will fret themselves at all over such perishable stuff as "the exquisitely unnatural."

But the grave defect of many of Pater's writings seems to lie elsewhere. He himself says that two things go to the making of style—"mind and soul." And "mind" he undoubtedly had: not a great mind, but, as his criticisms of art and literature sufficiently prove, a mind of extreme fineness and sensibility. Of "soul," on the other hand, of that sort of force which, as he notes, animates "the Vulgate, the English Bible, and the Prayer-Book," it is hard to find anywhere a trace.

* "Walter Pater: A Critical Study." By Edward Thomas. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

But assuredly there is much of something very different —something which is the exact opposite of "soul." For though in his own life Pater seems to have been sober, healthy, and even austere, yet there is in his writings a sort of sensuousness which discredits them. Whether he himself was a refined Hedonist, an Epicurean, or a curious type of mystic, Mr. Thomas does not pretend to determine, nor indeed can any one do so, but the spirit which too often seems to hang over him as he writes is beyond question an evil spirit. It disguises itself, no doubt, as an angel of light; talks charmingly; has much to say of art and culture; of how life should "burn always with a hard gem-like flame," and attain to "as many exquisite experiences" as may be. And then the desire for "exquisite experiences" leads on "to grasping at any exquisite passion"—and then, for those who have more red blood in them than Pater, comes, as one of his chief "disciples" found, perdition and the pit. Listen to Mr. Thomas:

"Pater lived a sober, almost ascetic, life . . . yet his was the head upon which 'all the ends of the world are come,' 'the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the Middle Age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias.' Pater liked to think of the sins of the Borgias: they had enriched the pageantry of life by which he lived; and with the help of them and of Swinburne's Faustine and Dolores he made his most famous piece of prose."

"He did not recommend their sins," his critic goes on, "or any kind of sin, . . . and there is no reason to suppose that he disapproved of the Ten Commandments or the moral ideals of the middle-class." Not at all: the "sins of the Borgias" give colour to composition, and "the moral ideals of the middle-class" do not; and so Pater drew his picture of "La Gioconda" with "her eyelids a little weary" and that particular "beauty which is wrought out from within . . . by strange thoughts, and fantastic reveries, and exquisite passions." It is "his most famous piece of prose"; and what matter if it conjures up devil's dreams in those less artistic and more human than himself?

No doubt it may seem unjust thus to write. For there is much in Pater that is of unquestioned distinction; but this volume, though often containing just criticism of his work, yet, on the whole, seems to set him on a pinnacle. The writer is not content to confer immortality on his style; but he also seems to honour him as a philosopher, and in his absolutely final sentence he writes thus:

"The philosophy is designed for those who would attain a beautiful and varied life by self-conscious effort at as many points as possible, following pleasure of every order, with a consideration of remote effects on themselves and others, with a self-control and decorum beyond the dreams of virtue."

Surely if this is the outcome of Pater's thinking, the only thing left is to exclaim with the dying Brutus:

ὦ τλῆμον ἀρετή, λόγος ἄρ' ἦσθ, ἐγὼ δέ σε
ὡς ἔργον ἤσκουν.

"Poor virtue, you were but a dream"; and here is a new cult of the pleasant and beautiful that is beyond you, while if anyone wishes to know more about the hierophant of such strange mysteries he can find it in these pages. He can see him, for instance, at the Private View of the Academy "in a new top-hat and a silk tie of brilliant apple-green"; or he can read a full description of the furniture of that room (p. 32), of which it is asserted, with cruel but unconscious irony, that "no saying of Pater's is so expressive as that room"; or he can learn how this same room, "to behold which calls up the man's spirit," appeared to one visitor as "greenish-white," and to another "all blue . . . and whatever in it was not blue seemed to be white"; and then he can picture to himself the owner "with an open bowl of blue china" before him, from which "it is just possible to detach the smell of dried rose-leaves," as he sits framing some fine phrase about "that subtle and delicate sweetness which belongs to a refined and comely decadence." But O! to turn from this *pot-pourri* of roses and sickly talk about "decadence" to writers like Isaiah, or the author of Job, or the rude herdsmen of Tekoa! To do so is to pass from the atmosphere of an orchid-house into the free, invigorating air. They were great men, great thinkers, and great stylists too. Put one of Pater's sentences beside one of theirs and its frail prettiness would fade and shrivel into nothing. Set the description of "La Gioconda" beside that of the "Daughters of Zion" (Is. iii. 16–24), and let any honest man choose. And yet the son of Amos lived in uncultured days when men had not yet discovered that beauty which is "beyond the dreams of virtue."

"THE REAL LABBY."*

By G. S. Layard.

IT has been said that nothing is rarer than the use of a word in its exact meaning. But surely it is equally true to say that an exact meaning is just the quality that a word hardly ever possesses.

Henry Labouchere was labelled "cynic," but did we mean, with Antisthenes of Athens, that he looked upon virtue as the highest good, or did we mean, with Henry Ward Beecher, almost the opposite, that he never saw a good quality in a man and never failed to see a bad one? If we meant either of these things we were wrong. Certainly he was not a cynic in the Socratic sense. That goes without the saying. As certainly he posed (characteristically making the worst of himself) as a sort of "human owl mousing for vermin and never seeing noble game." Hence it came to pass that those who suffered most at his hands, wrong 'uns and charlatans of all sorts, called him ignorantly and insolently, self-righteous. But certainly he was not ignorant, and as for self-righteousness, he whipped himself as unmercifully as he castigated others, miscalling himself, amongst other things, "a yahoo" and "an abominable and useless liar." That was why those who feared him

* "The Life of Henry Labouchere." By Algar Labouchere Thorold. 18s. net. (Constable & Co.).

Photo: Daily Mirror.

Act I. of "Justice."

In the Partner's Office—the defaulting clerk (Falder) confronted with the cashier who cashed the cheque he has fraudulently altered.

Photo: Daily Mirror.

Last Scene in Act IV. of "Justice."

Falder throws himself down the staircase when he is re arrested while on ticket-of-leave.

Scenes from John Galsworthy's play, "Justice."

most at a distance, admired him most when they were brought into contact with him.

Born an aristocrat, Labouchere was disillusioned of aristocratic shams and assumptions almost from the beginning. Having a keen nose for humbug, he had a keener wit for exposing it. With nothing conventionally sacred to him, he was a very Voltaire for disrespect. Loving fighting for fighting's sake, loving intrigue for intrigue's sake, loving the shindy above everything else, he yet took good care to crack the right skulls, to wield his mordant wit and biting pen for the righting of wrongs. Certainly he was the mustard in the political pie, but with his sardonic and satirical spirit there was mingled a fierce though carefully-concealed zeal for the public good.

Let us justify this from a quotation or two from Mr. Algar Thorold's delightful biography, which, though full of solid interest, will perhaps disappoint, and will certainly surprise, those who merely look for frivolous entertainment.

Here is what he quotes from what Mr. T. P. O'Connor wrote on Labouchere's retirement from Parliament :

"He was a far straighter, far more serious, far more effective politician than his own persiflage would allow people to think. With all his light wit, there was something stern and rigid in the man, as you could see from the powerful mouth, with the full compressed lips. He was perfectly honest in his hatred of extravagance, pretence, vainglory. . . . He did immense service to his party in his time. . . . He was a strenuous, manly, courageous fighter. And he never changed, he never concealed, he never explained away his opinion upon anything. . . . He was a model of honest good faith and courage."

Read, too, how affectionately so out-and-out an opponent of his political views as the *Morning Post* wrote on the same occasion :

"What Parliament and public life will be without him I hate to think. . . . The House has long counted Labby as the last of its originals, has prized him as a refreshing relish, has looked to him for the unexpected flavour. . . . It gives a peculiar pang to realise that he will be seen there no more."

Here is what was written of him by one of his bitterest critics :

"Mr. Labouchere has done a great deal of good in his life, more good and less evil than many so-called statesmen. . . . No victim of cruelty or injustice ever appealed to him in vain."

That is surely a fine testimonial, and yet of course there were flies in the amber. He could be bitterly and corrosively cruel when the fit was on him. "I do not mind Mr. Gladstone always having the ace up his sleeve," he once said, "but I do object to his always saying that Providence put it there." And yet this was no mere Whistlerian quip, no carefully thought-out "impromptu," but the bare fact as he saw it, expressed cruelly, if you like, with the greatest economy of language.

When asked if he liked Madame X——, he said, "Oh, yes, I like her well enough, but I shouldn't mind if she dropped dead in front of me on the carpet." That was cruel and cynical too, but there was the sort of honesty in it which protested against conventional insincerity.

Labouchere was essentially a man of the world, a man who had "seen life." Playing many parts, welcomed as a boon companion by men of education and men of little or none, full of eager curiosity, he had unrivalled opportunities of knowing and understanding his fellows. From Eton he carried away two cardinal convictions, which he never ceased to enunciate—first, that "an English education is the worst that the world has yet produced" ; secondly, that, through the fagging system, a boy "learns all the tricks and dodges of the slave." At Cambridge he ruffled it with the "bloods" of the day, lost £6,000 in two years of gambling and horse-racing, and was finally sent down for alleged cribbing, a charge which he always stoutly and convincingly repudiated. With great liberality his father paid his debts, and Labouchere responded by taking up his abode at a tavern in London where, in two months, he lost several hundreds more at hells and casinos. From this tavern he was again rescued by his father and sent abroad with a mentor, who betrayed his trust by leaving him to his own devices. The result was another orgy of gambling at Wiesbaden and elsewhere. At twenty-two he became an attaché to the embassy at Washington, but discipline was so slack and his services were so little valued that he managed to slip away without being missed, join a circus, and appear on the playbills as the "Bounding Buck of Babylon," wearing pink tights, with a fillet round his head! Tiring of the circus, he joined a party of Chippeway Indians, "living with them for six months, hunting buffalo, joining in their work and sports, playing cards for wampum necklaces." From Washington he was transferred to the Legation at Munich. Thence to Stockholm, where he fought a duel with an Austrian chargé d'affaires. Abandoning diplomacy (if the part he played can be dignified by such a word) he became joint proprietor of the *Daily News*, and contributed no little to its popularity by his letters during the Franco-Prussian War, writing as a "Besieged Resident" in Paris. Twenty-four years later he sold his quarter-share, which had cost him £14,000, for four or five times that amount. About the same time he joined Alfred Wigan as partner in the new Queen's Theatre, gaining in this case more experience than money. Indeed, when *Truth* became his mouthpiece he made so much of the many contretemps that accompanied his theatrical ventures that the public could hardly take his productions seriously. That was characteristic of all he did. He loved the fun of the thing, the fun of playing the game. Here is how he discounted his production of an adaptation of "The Last Days of Pompeii" :

"Everything went wrong in this piece. I wanted to have—after the manner of the ancients—acrobats dancing on a tight-rope over the heads of the guests at a feast. Our guests, however, declined to be danced over. Only one acrobat made his appearance. A rope was stretched for him, behind the revellers, and I trusted to stage illusion for the rest. The acrobat was a stout negro. Instead of lightly tripping it upon his rope, he moved about like an elephant, and finally fell off his rope like a stricken buffalo."

That was how he gave the show away, and it was not surprising that his theatrical enterprises were not taken seriously. In the same year that he entered theatrical management he became M.P. for New Windsor, only to be unseated for bribery on the part of his agent. Two years later he was returned for Middlesex, but, quarrelling with his colleague, Lord Enfield, he split the vote

Photo: Daily Mirror.

Joy, Maurice Lever and Miss Gwyn in scene at end of Act II. of "Joy."

Photo: Daily Mirror.

Last Scene of "Strife."

Mr. Norman McKinnel as John Anthony and Mr. J. Fisher White as David Roberts. The two leaders confronting each other after each has been defeated by his own side.

Scenes from John Galsworthy's plays, "Joy" and "Strife."

at the next election and lost his seat. Finally he became "the Christian Member for Northampton," as he was euphemistically called, to his great amusement, in contradistinction to his atheistical, though really far more serious and respectable, colleague, Charles Bradlaugh. From this time he became a very real force in politics, would indeed have become a Cabinet Minister in Mr. Gladstone's administration in 1892, but for the Queen's objection to his name being submitted to her. And here we come upon a striking example of his sincerity. For, as his biographer remarks in the Preface with disconcertingly rare insight, "He was a terribly sincere person, partly from pride and partly from indolence. Had he been willing to condescend to insincerity he would have been too lazy to do so for long." Here is the story. Mr. Gladstone, greatly discomposed by the Queen's refusal, and more especially so because Labouchere's inclusion was publicly anticipated and desired, went the length of privately asking his would-be colleague to write him a letter stating that he would not accept office were it offered to him. This would have fitted in with his Radical principles, would have appeared to the superficial observer as a fine assertion of independence, would have improved his political position, and would have saved Mr. Gladstone from an imputation of ingratitude to a follower who, through thick and thin, had done all he could to help him to win the cause of Home Rule, which the Grand Old Man had nearest to his heart. But Labouchere would have none of it. In his own words, he "couldn't stand the humbug of the suggestion." He was bitterly disappointed, and he wasn't going to pretend not to be.

I have endeavoured to give the salient points of Labouchere's character and career by way of inducing the reader to fill in the details for himself by going direct to Mr. Algar Thorold's able Biography. It is, I admit, a story without a moral, showing as it does by what bizarre and unpromising paths a man with an outstanding personality may arrive at an unique and remarkable position in the body politic.

It is a sort of apotheosis of the Idle Apprentice, who should, according to accepted moral standards, have come to an untimely end, but did, in fact, arrive at an honoured and distinguished old age. It is not a story that would make an "edifying" tract. But it is a story of outstanding interest.

There is no room here to tell of the prominent part which Labouchere played in the unmasking of the Pigott forgeries, of the strong and courageous position taken up by him at the time of the Jameson Raid and the South African War, of the power which he wielded, mainly for good, from his self-constructed pulpit in Carteret Street, of his unsparing criticism, in season and out of season, of Socialism as opposed to Radicalism. These things must be read in Mr. Thorold's fascinating pages to be properly appreciated. It need only be added that, if, to one like the present writer, who worked on *Truth* for two years, this book makes engrossing reading, comes, indeed, as something of a revelation, it should make an even stronger and more romantic appeal to those who have hitherto looked upon "Labby" as a mere *farceur*, as a man who treated nothing seriously, as a man of no strong convictions.

In the daily Press I see that Mr. Thorold has been hauled over the coals for not collecting in this volume all the "good stories" that were current about his distinguished uncle. I can only say that, had he done so, he would have held the scales unevenly, have sacrificed his duty as a serious biographer to a desire for a merely *ad captandum* success. He is to be sincerely congratulated on his properly-balanced and dignified reserve.

W. T. STEAD.*

BY RICHARD WHITEING.

MISS STEAD'S book about her father is naturally written from the point of view of one who loved him well. But it must always have its value for students of character, whether they lean to or from him in the end. Here was a complex personality indeed, a thing of radium all compact in its everlasting activity of inward fire. There is really no knowing where to have him for a working scheme of generalisation. The wonder is that he was ever caught in a photograph for the illustrations; and where he is, we have sometimes only a sort of bird on the wing. He walks in his own garden like an athlete on the cinder path. He was a very chameleon of the changes that make for praise or blame. He had a fine idealistic nature with a great sense of great causes, but the "sainthood"—it was hardly less in his view—was crossed by the pushfulness of a commercial traveller, the ruthlessness of a reporter on the scoop. He was ready to lay down his life, as he always laid down his leisure and his peace, for an idea; with that, he had a self-satisfaction that verged on absolute conceit, and a plentiful lack of taste, or what some call distinction for the benefit of a change. His acuteness in the ordinary transactions of business was beyond question, yet the bee was ever buzzing in his bonnet on the gravest affairs.

He was unique in a kind of belief that it was his mission to "boss," for morals, the whole human race—a prophet accredited not only to Palestine, but to the orb. "The idea that everything wrong in the world was a divine call to use your life in righting it sank deep into my soul"—this when he was still in his teens, and under the roof of his father's manse. His programme was: "Peace—Woman—Spirits," in the final summary, and in detail by the dozen causes; and he rushed from point to point of the compass in the service of them, with the energy of a victim of the St. Vitus dance. Such a mood, of course, precluded all the graces of literature; at the mature age of twenty he could celebrate his high commission in verses, to his mother, hardly worthy of a child of ten:

"Some may give sons an ancestry noble, that came with the Conqueror in,
But ah, what is blood the most ancient, compared to the soul that's within?

* "My Father." By Estelle W. Stead. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

Some boast of the treasure they gave us, and high heaps of silver and gold,
But compared with the dower *you* gave me, it's metal both worthless and cold."

It was a case of the finger in every pie. In the infancy of the Salvation Army, we find him lecturing General Booth on the management of the concern. He interviewed the Czar on the Peace question, the Pope on things in general, and especially by way of "enquiring at first hand how far my aspirations were shared by the Holy See." "Wake up, Vatican!" might have been the word. He admitted great possibilities in the mother Church of Christianity; you had but to "develop the good and eliminate the bad. Surely the solution is not difficult." The Pope showed but a poor sense of his opportunities, so his mentor has to found *The Review of Reviews* "to be to the English-speaking world what the Catholic Church in its prime was to the intelligence of Christendom." In the same way, he called in due course on the Sultan of the Young Turks, "and talked with him for a full half hour as if I were a prophet or disciple." It was good copy, and at the same time it was the apostle glowing with the sense of his mission. The Commander of the Faithful was almost as slack about it as the Holy Father. "It was clear to me from the outset that the Sultan had nothing particular to say to me." But that was only one chance more for his visitor. "The opportunity given me of speaking freely was one which I took advantage of to the uttermost. I confess I was more than once in doubt as to whether I had not ventured too far." The topics were "the function of Constitutional Sovereigns in the modern State, the advantages of their position as compared with that of autocrats, the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility, and the danger of confounding the person of the monarch with the policy of his advisers." Good going for half an hour! At another time, as we remember, he had a straight talk with the élite of Russian society on the right use of the Duma. In the very latest about him, received after his death, we are privileged to learn that he is now personally conducting his fellow spirits in the next world

Photo by E. H. Mills. **W. T. Stead.**

Frontispiece portrait from "My Father," by Estelle W. Stead (Heinemann).

There was something uncanny in him, beyond a doubt. The blazing eye was not for nothing as an indication of a judgment ever tremulous for its balance, and of a want of ordinary discretion that brought so many of his enterprises to confusion. The Maiden Tribute agitation was shockingly mismanaged from first to last. He could never prove that the child was really bought and sold. He could only say, and in all sincerity, that somebody had told him so—that somebody being a person of more than shady antecedents. His discovery that the mother of the child was not the wife of its father, though it might, as he thought, have saved him from the legal penalty had he been willing to employ it, would probably have involved a moral penalty of far greater severity. The woman had either sold her child, for the vilest of uses, or she had not; and all question of her status was really beside the mark. In the circumstances, no judge and no jury would have consented to make it her reproach. In one of the portraits we find him in pose with such a fine confusion of properties as Oliver Cromwell's pistol, a statue of Gordon, and a copy of the *Imitation*. It is a bit of a trial even for the warmest admirer. His Spiritualism was too often of a piece with this in its incongruities, and its want of all sense not only of the ridiculous but of the trivial and the vulgar. "Young man, you are going to be the St. Paul of Spiritualism"—not merely is he content to listen to this from a medium, but he accepts it with the utmost complacency, as "one of the signposts on his journey through life." In his first séance Mother Shipton is the control, and informs him that "the state of things in Ireland is very bad and would have been worse but for the precautions the Government have taken," with much more to the same effect. *Excusez du peu.* Every ordinary incident in his life is a premonition—his sub-editorship of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, his subsequent charge of the paper. The dialogues with the spirits who have "passed beyond" are, as a rule, disastrously trivial. It is Lucian's masterpiece without the wit.

And yet! and yet! set his successes against his failures, and what a man he was. He had a large share in rousing the country against the idea of another war with Russia for the benefit of the Turks. He earned many a stone for the building of the Palace that now thrones Peace at the Hague. His "Truth About the Navy," was the starting point of what is now the national and even the racial movement of the time; and, but for him, Admiral Fisher would have been only a plougher

of the sands. He sent Gordon to the Soudan; and that heroic misadventure, in its results, has set the land of Egypt where it stands to-day. In Imperialism he was Rhodes without freebooting and predatory war; and he found the formula at least for a policy that would make Big Englanders of us all. His services to the cause of purity, whatever their occasional misdirection of effort, have largely helped to make that cause a bond between all the leading governments of the world. His death, in its majestic calm and simple devotion to the idea of self-sacrifice, atoned for all that lacked dignity in his life. The best testimony to the beauty of his character is to be found in the fact that those who knew most of him, down to his humblest dependents, were those by whom he was best honoured and best loved.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best criticism of any new Christmas book in not more than twenty-four lines of verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Lyric is awarded to Miss Dorothy M. Rawcliffe, of Culraven, Haigh, near Wigan, Lancs., for the following:

DELILAH.

Once your smile was a ray of light
That made the darkest moments bright.
Now it is but a searing flame
Which brands my heart with a lasting shame.

Once your voice was a heavenly song
That charmed away all thoughts of wrong.
But now I hear in the simplest lay
The hiss of the snake as it glides away.

Your breath on my cheek was an angel's kiss,
The touch of your hand was a thrill of bliss.
But now in the touch of your hand and breath
I feel the pains of eternal Death.

Go! you were true to your cause, I know,
And I was false! But I bid you go:
I loved you once, 'twas a grievous wrong,
But in proving me weak you have made me strong.

DOROTHY M. RAWCLIFFE.

We also select for printing:

A RIVIERA REVERIE.

We sat beneath the olive-trees
That cluster round Fiesole,
And watched the distant mountains turn
Deep purple in the setting day.
You leaned upon your arms and dreamed
With brooding face, till night was down,
Till silver stars shone out and gleamed
Through violet mists above the town.

But under other olives now
I sit alone and watch the sea,
The fragrance of an orange-grove
Is carried on the wind to me;
Along the bay Mentone shines,
Cap Martin fills the further view,
A little house with trellised vines
Stands up against the sky's deep blue.

The thick, long grass is warm with sun,
I hear the browsing goats go by—
The very soul of you is here
In scent and sound, in sea and sky.
A moment past your spirit seemed
With sun and wind and leaves at play;
Was *this* perchance the dream you dreamed,
That hour in far Fiesole?

(M. W. Averay Jones, 2, Metchley Park Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.)

RENUNCIATION.

And I must leave this garden of delight
Where scented winds blow softly from the south,
No more your arms must crush me to your heart
No more your kisses burn upon my mouth.

For me the narrow path winds straight ahead,
That path where two may never walk abreast;
My feet must tread its rocks and stones alone—
Pray God it lead me to Eternal Rest.

My heart and happiness lie far behind,
I leave them cold and dead as last year's snow;
What joy has Heaven to give me in return
For all the bliss that I gave up below?

(Guy Chester, Penarth, Glamorgan.)

IF I HAD YOU.

If I had you for evermore beside me,
My soul would rise above the cares of day;
I should not care whatever might betide me—
Though skies should stretch above me, dull and grey.
If I had you, my heart would soon be heaping
Bright sheaves of love that you should safely store:
A harvestide of joy I should be reaping,
If I had you beside me evermore.

If I had you I should not heed earth's splendour,
Of riches and of fame my heart would tire.
If I had you, and felt your handclasp tender,
And knew that I was Queen of your desire:—
Then, not till then, I'd know life's truest gladness,
And satisfy the longing in my breast.
I should forget those bygone days of sadness:
If I had you, my heart would be at rest.

If I had you, each hour I should be living
Always for you in action or in prayer,
My higher self to you I should be giving,
And strive to make your present always fair.
If I had you for evermore beside me—
Home in your arms I'd find on land or sea!
I should not care whatever might betide me,
If I had you for ever near to me!

(Miss Marjorie W. Crosbie, The Balkans, Lancaster Gardens, Beltinge, Herne Bay.)

LYRIC.

This world I did not understand,
I comprehended not the skies,
Until I pressed a woman's hand,
Until I gazed into her eyes:
If there be deeper mysteries,
Than golden suns and silver sand,
It was the wonder of her eyes
It was the beauty of her hand.

(H. B. Egmont Hake, 11, Granville Place, Portman Square, London, W.)

A SPENDTHRIFT'S WISH.

If it be said that I have loved the sun,
Taken what God has given, without fear
Lest in its beauty Wrong be lurking near,
Ended in joy what was in joy begun,
If this be said of me, I am content,
Though I have died.

If it be said from the full granary
Of love poured out to me, I gave again
To some poor hungry wretch, that not in vain
That brimming golden store was spent for me.
If this be said of me, I am content
That I have lived.

(Guenn F. Newnham, 7, Avenue Gardens, Dover.)

Competitors must please keep copies of their poems as, owing to the rather heavy extra labour involved, we cannot undertake to return any. Mrs. Sloane Thomson sends some good verses: "My Guttersnipe," but they form a long narrative poem; other competitors have sent sonnets, and one a didactic effort in blank verse. The best of the other Lyrics received are from C. Roy Price (Wellington), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Donald Bain (Buffalo, N.Y.), D. K. Boileau (Bath), E. R. L. (Durham), Kathleen R. Wilkes (Stowmarket), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Miss A. Chambers (Birmingham), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Ethel Weltch (Aldeburgh), Chrissie G. Palmer (Corstophine), Edith Furness (Gt. Meols), A. E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Miss E. F. Parr (Ayton), Doris Dean (Bromley), Mrs. Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Miss V. W. Ware (Gloucester), Mary M. Wiltshire (Victoria Park), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Evelyn L. A. Scott (Streatham), Miss C. Vere Annesley (Ilfracombe), Fred Tait (Leeds), Eleanor Bull (Ludlow), Albert Shackleton (Todmorden), Jas. (Aberdeen), Kate V. Jones (Ludlow), Thomas Law (Holytown), Moira Irwin (Leamington Spa), Winifred Holmden (Ilfracombe), Percy Thomas (Hornsey), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), Margaret Lane (Kettering), R. W. Fenton (Birstall), G. W. Turner (Burnley), A. Ruan Clarke (Ramsgate), E. Howard (Putney), D. P. Tweeddale (Birkdale), Mary G. Cherry (Matlock), R. W. King (Catford Hill), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), E. E. Wood (Ladywell), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), Launcelot H. Stuckey (Taunton), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), L. Aaronson (London, E.), G. Thelwall (Middlesboro'), G. A. Mackinlay (Perth), Hubert Rogers (Hackney), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), M. A. Newman (Brighton), M. F. Alexander (Battersea Park), A. Charlton (Derby), Oswald J. Francis (Barry), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Miss B. B. Friend (Sheffield), Kathleen M. Coates (Sheringham), Lilian Whitehead (Bury), Miss M. Spode (Newcastle), Margot Balfour (London, W.), Grace M. Measham (Newcastle-on-Tyne), John Carlton (Hornsey), Eveleen Pawle (Ware), Annie Newton (Carnarvon), Frederick Thomas (Ludlow), Arthur Hemingway (Northwich), C. W. Kent (Alderly Edge), Sinah Helen West (Plymouth), Margaret E. Painter (Wimbledon), T. D. T. (Portadown), Dorothy Miriam Bunn (Hull), Sandy (Swinton), Frank Houghton (Bath), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), O. H. R. Leyton (Westgate-on-Sea), Emily Cornell (Up. Norwood), John D. Smith (Milngavie), Aline Austin Austin (Bournemouth), E. R. North (Settle), Joyce Jones (Buckhurst Hill), E. F. Shirley (Dumfries), Bunce (Yorkshire), E. Summers (Dukinfield), S. R. Noyes (Pontypridd), Annie Cowan (Galway), Frank A. Hellawell (Newbiggin), H. Becket (Oxford), Emily Sunderland (Todmorden), Rhys Raworth (Harrogate), Doris Rochefort (Stoke Newington), Carrig (New Brighton), Miss M. Peart (Tottenham), Frank G. Greenwood (Bingley), Alex. M. Reid (Motherwell), F. H. Storm (North Shields), J. Macdonald (Bacup), Owen H. Carsurrie (Sheffield), Jas. F. Snell (Dartford), D. M. B. (Liverpool), Miss Miniken (London, S.W.), Miss M. Troughton (Cape, S. Africa), H. B. Dawes (Birkdale), Eleanor L. Clark (Maghera), Rev. J. Wesley Houchin (Shenfield), Robert D. Roosmale-Cocq (Sandown, I. of W.), Florence Dunford (Bembridge), Maud Marion Burnell (Ashford), Mabel Malet (Hull), Lillie Lapthorne (Southsea), D. M. Williams (New Mills, Derbyshire), Dora Duder (Taunton), Violet Tootal (London, W.), O. W. Griffith (Cricklewood, N.W.), M. C. James (Hampstead, N.W.), Alice W. Linford (South Tottenham, N.), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), Mrs. Clara Swain-Dickins (Dulwich, S.E.), G. Lisle Hindmarsh (Cardiff), A. Ellerton (Liscard, Cheshire), Ion A. Grundy (Liverpool), Rosie Speight (Armley, Leeds), J. E. Compton (Studley, Warwickshire), William C. Pocock (St. Paul's, Bristol), A. J. Freeland (Kibworth Beauchamp, Leicestershire), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), L. Macnamara (Dublin), Leslie H. Allen (Melrose Highlands, Mass, U.S.A.), Mrs. Edith Rutten (Leatham, Durham), J. D. I. Waugh (Toddington, Beds.), E. Jothan (Port St. Mary, I. of M.), Fred Reynolds (Walmer), Miss H. M. Barrow (Streatham Hill, S.W.), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), Gladys M. Salter (Maidenhead), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), F. O. Call (Lennoxville, Que., Canada), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Harry Glazebrook (Birkenhead), Miss L. D. Potter (Prescot, Lancs.), Mary Eva Kitchel (Boonton, N. J., U.S.A.), F.V. Branford (Edinburgh), E. H. Kenney, jun. (Dulwich, S.E.), M. F. W. (East Farleigh, Maidstone), Alice Binks (Westoe, South Shields), Mrs. J. M. Delbridge (Canterbury), Barbara Drummond (Monmouth), Edward G. Nightingale (Edinburgh), Russell Green (Sheffield), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood, N.W.), F. Popham (Annan), Margaret Savoy (Clifton, Bristol), Miss H. C. Williamson (Galashiels), St. George Best (Kenwood, Chicago, U.S.A.), R. E. D. Donaldson (Calne), Eleanor G. Chandler (Toronto, Canada), Hugh McIntosh (Murrayfield, Edinburgh), James Percy Gross (Neuilly, Seine, France), Edith Brill (Southport), Ernest J. Sumner (Bury St. Edmund's), Marsella Whitaker (Earlsheaton, Dewsbury), Mrs. Monypenny (Bedford), and Maud McDonald (Enfield, Middlesex).

Prize Photograph illustrating title of some recent book. **By Miss E. A. Pearson.**

"Journey's End," by Katharine Tynan (Werner Laurie).

See Competition No. 3, page 106.

Honourable mention. Prize Competition No. 3. **Photo by Irene Pollock Lalonde.**

"The Perfect Wife," by Joseph Keating (Heinemann).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Ellen Webster, of 6, Warrington Road, Ipswich, for the following:

WET MAGIC. By E. NESBIT. (Laurie.)

"He sought to keep his spirits up,
By pouring spirits down."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

We also select for printing:

A TRAP TO CATCH A DREAM. By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"It's that confounded cucumber
I've eat and can't digest."
THOMAS INGOLDSBY, *The Confession.*

(Kathleen Birch, The Cottage, Colebrooke Road, Bexhill.)

IS THERE A HELL? A SYMPOSIUM. (Cassell.)

"O golfer, be quiet!"
BARRY PAIN, *Martin Luther at Potsdam.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

LOVE AND £200 A YEAR. By MRS. ALFRED PRAGA. (Laurie.)

"How happy could I be with either!"
JOHN GAY, *The Beggar's Opera.*

(M. I. Tindale, Woodcote, Worthing.)

ONE SMITH. By S. MURRAY JOHNSTONE. (Wm. Dawson & Sons.)

"My stout galloper."
R. BROWNING, *How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix.*

(A. Ernest Smith, 104, Sheen Park, Richmond, S.W.)

THE LOVE THAT LASTS. By G. B. BURGIN. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Still harping on my daughter."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*

(M. Hasler, Brunswick Road, Douglas, Isle-of-Man.)

THINGS NAUTICAL. REVIEW BY J. E. PATTERSON.

"It's very odd that Sailor-men
Should wear those things so loose."
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS, *Misadventures at Margate.*

(D. Bass, 3a, Somerset Road, Ashford, Kent.)

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best photograph illustrating the title of any recent novel is awarded to Miss E. A. Pearson, of Noss Mayo, Fleet, for the photograph reproduced on page 105.

We specially commend the photographs of Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Ernest S. Heron (Chester), and Miss E. A. Bracher (East Southsea), which we also reproduce. Among the best of the other photographs are those by Miss Dease (West Meath), G. McCroben (Wakefield), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Marie Russell Brown (Glasgow), Norah E. Goodbody (Kings Co.), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), and Miss B. W. Ramsay (Forres).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Evelyn M. Abbott, of The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks., for the following:

BENDISH. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan.)

This elaborate study of Byron—written from an obviously hostile standpoint—forms the sequel to "Mrs. Lancelot," but the novelist has taken some liberties with dates, the story opening in the year 1830, the eve of the Reform Act. Various characters re-appear, notably Gervase Poore—particularly drawn from Shelley—and the Great Duke. The book ends with the publications of Bendish's "Wanderer" ("Childe Harold"), and his discomfiture in love, politics, and friendship. Mr. Hewlett dislikes Byron, and does him less than justice, but this novel is one of his finest, witty, epigrammatic, admirable in characterization and grasp of the period.

We also select for printing:

THE BROKEN HALO. By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY. (Putnam.)

This is a clean, well-written story, with plenty of humour and pathos commingled in Mrs. Barclay's own inimitable style. The two principal characters, round whom the plot moves with hints of tragedy, the "Little White Lady"—a poignantly-pathetic figure—and Dick, command our sympathies. The actions of the latter are not always commendable, but the author has the gift of convincing us that there are "extenuating circumstances." Sentimental but not sensational, this book contains no discussions on sex problems; and herein lies one secret of its popularity—it may safely be given to young people for perusal.

(J. D. I. Waugh, Conger House, Toddington, Beds.)

Honourable mention. Prize Competition No. 3. **Photo by Miss E. A. Bracher.**

"The Brat," by Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Mills & Boon).

MODERN CHILE. By W. H. KOEBEL. (Bell.)

Mr. Koebel's book may be compared to a succession of beautiful landscape pictures with extracts from the descriptive catalogue, usually pertaining to all exhibitions of painting. His flow of words and wonderful wealth of language ensure a splendid variety of narration, and not only has the author himself caught the atmosphere of the country, and entered into the spirit of the people, but he has thoroughly enabled his readers to do so too. The practical chapters show careful thought and study, and the illustrations are an additional attraction.

(Mrs. Sybilla Stirling, Fordel, Glenfarg.)

Honourable mention. Prize Competition No. 3. **Photo by Ernest S. Heron.**

"The Players," by Sir William Magnay (Hodder & Stoughton).

THE LURE OF THE LITTLE DRUM.

BY MARGARET PETERSON. (Melrose.)

In "The Lure of the Little Drum," Miss Peterson has given us something to be thankful for. It is seldom one sees a character so pitilessly drawn as that of Esther Williams. One feels that her life is made up of trifles; each trifle, as insistent as the throbbing of the little drum, pushing her further from the happiness that was held out to her, and which she seemed incapable of grasping, as they sucked her further into the maelstrom, for which her forebears were responsible. The India, too, she draws with such a certain touch is not the India of the tourist and sightseer; it is the country of one who knows it well, knows it and, we should shrewdly suspect, loves it dearly.

(Mary Chadwick, 7, Church Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.)

THE ENGLISH NOVEL. BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY. (Dent.)

In closing these vigorous, stimulating and critical pages one only regrets that it is by no means likely that even half the novel-devouring world will ever read them. The book is such a fine appreciation of that "human delight in humanity," so steadily true in its values, so illuminating and humorous, that, though it most undoubtedly will be hugely enjoyed by the minority, it would enormously benefit the great remainder. And to those peculiar persons who "do not care for novels"—for such do exist—I strongly recommend the very able final epitome.

(D. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Jocelyn Ierne Ormsley (Pontypridd), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), Cecil Barber (Burley-in-Wharfedale), Arthur M. O'Connor (Birmingham), C. Roy Price (Wellington, Somerset), Ronald Harley (Four Oaks, Warwickshire), Miss A. M. Strickland (Farnham), Miss P. P. Roberts (Crowhurst), G. W. Turner (Clapham Common, S.W.), Eva H. Goodman (Kew), C. W. Pilkington-Rogers (Ipswich), Mrs. L. A. Sommerville (St. Andrew's), Frank Haigh (Halifax), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Mrs. Olive Gillespie (Folkestone), Ernest S. Heron (Chester), Miss B. H. Harting (Chiswick, W.), Kathleen T. Hardy (Hadley Wood, N.), Katherine J. Wood (Bournbrook, Birmingham), Miss H. M. Barrow (Streatham Hill, S.W.), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, near Birkenhead), S. Sundaram (Madura, South India), J. Swinsion (Tunbridge Wells), Constance Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), F. M. Nicholson (Bebington, Cheshire), James A. Richards (Tenby), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), Sybil Waller (Boscombe, Hants.), Miss Rickey (Belfast), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), E. Webster (Kingsdown, Bristol), M. Whitaker (Earlsheaton, Dewsbury), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), J. R. (Forest Hill, S.E.), A. Ruan Clarke (Ramsgate), M. Nicklin (Winscombe, Somerset), F. Booth (South Norwood, S.E.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), M. A. Newman (Brighton), W. J. Honychurch (Erdington, Birmingham), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), E. F. Parr (Clifton, Bristol), Frederica Mountford (Eastbourne), Horace W. Walker (Beeston, Notts.), M. J. F. Bittleston (Tilford, Surrey), and Mary Cleland (Overton, Ellesmere).

V.—PRIZES OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" are awarded to Miss S. Hunter, 14, Avondale Road, Chesterfield, and to Mr. John Carlton, 36, Effingham Road, Hornsey, N.

New Books.

THE DARK FLOWER.*

"The dark flower" of Mr. Galsworthy's new novel is the flower of passion, springing up so wildly, so irresistibly, in the hearts of men. For this book is a study of passion in all its splendour and misery. The hero, Mark Lennan, at nineteen falls in love with and is loved by the wife of his Oxford tutor—an *affaire* strangled, almost at its birth, by the fascination of a girl of sixteen. It had blossomed fiercely, this flower, but it seemed to fade in a night—and with the fading of one passion the other faded too. So with Mark's departure for Rome, to take lessons in sculpture, the first part, "Spring," closes, and we are given a gap of seven years.

At twenty-six, in Monte Carlo, the real passion of Mark's life flames into bloom. Olive Cramier is the wife of an M.P., very beautiful, gentle, of his own age, and unhappily married. She is on the Riviera with her uncle and aunt. She returns Mark's love with the pure ardour of her repressed nature. He follows her to London, and they have a few sweet and secret meetings. But the husband—a violent, jealous and dangerous man—guesses all, and forbids them to see one another. She goes down to her cottage on the Thames and he remains in Chelsea. But at last, driven to desperation, she telegraphs for Mark to come to her. They have one evening in the dark summer woods, and they settle to flee together on the morrow. But for her there is no to-morrow. Her husband has tracked them, and as they return in the boat he rushes at them in his, and upsets them into the river. Olive Cramier is drowned. So closes the second part, "Summer."

The third part, "Autumn," opens after an interval of more than twenty years. Mark Lennan is now a man of nearly fifty, and has been married for fifteen years to Sylvia Doone, the same little girl who, so long ago, had stolen his heart from Anna Stormer, his tutor's wife. He has been happy all these years, but he has come now to the age when men begin to long for their vanished youth. He is restless and full of an unsatisfied and vague emotion. And it is in such an hour that he meets his old school chum, Johnny Dromore, who takes him home and introduces him to his daughter, Nell—a girl of eighteen, fearless, sincere, and utterly without experience. With the strange *abandon* of youth she conceives a passion for him, and he, clinging desperately to his Indian summer, returns her love with mournful intensity. They are drifting fast on to the rocks of an impossible situation when, with the despairing

* "The Dark Flower." By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)

face of his wife before him (she knows everything), he pulls himself up and settles to leave the country with Sylvia. Compassion has conquered desire.

"The Dark Flower" is a genuine, able, and eloquent novel. Unfortunately the first part is much the poorest, and makes an inauspicious prelude. Mr. Galsworthy shows us skilfully the three stages of the disease—calf love, passion, and the yearning love of middle age. Mark Lennan is good in so far as he is typical, but poor in so far as he is meant to be a real creation. The best people in the book are Olive Cramier and Nell Dromore—they have a breath of life in them. But most of the other characters are conventional, and have little distinct individuality. Of course that is the inherent weakness of a novel in which the theme is the most important thing. Mr. Galsworthy has impressive powers of ironic melancholy, but much of his humour is crude—the description of Olive's uncle and aunt, for instance. But, on the whole, "The Dark Flower" is certainly an arresting and curious work of art.

RICHARD CURLE.

GEORGE ELIOT: THE EARLIER NOVELS.*

The appearance of a new edition of George Eliot's novels gives one an opportunity of taking stock of one of the pedestal-figures of the last century. George Eliot died in the same year as Carlyle and Borrow. She enjoyed for a time a supremacy in her own sphere as undisputed as that of Tennyson, but she was assaulted and hustled down far sooner than the Victorian poet by the iconoclasts of the *National Observer* and their kindred. The stories of which carpenters, millers, and weavers were the heroes captivated English taste completely for a time. They had a vogue similar to that of Dutch landscape painting when it first came in. But that did not prevent Hobbema from dying a pauper in the reign of Queen Anne; and the orgy of French naturalism, which reached a climax in Zola, created a decided ebb of critical taste which has receded from George Eliot and caused a strong set-back among her veteran admirers. For a great writer, who was also a great humorist, George Eliot certainly had a singular gift of falling flat and producing prose that is primarily uninteresting. How flat is much of "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Daniel Deronda," "Theophrastus Such," and even "Middlemarch." How contemptibly bad and amateurish from the point of view of art are such stories as "The Lifted Veil" and the quasi-jocular "Brother Jacob"! Dr. Johnson would probably have said of this superior woman, as he said of the superior poet Gray, that she was dull—everywhere. She was certainly portentously dull in her letters and portentously solemn sitting as a sibyl and pontificating the round of her admirers. Mrs. Oliphant, I think, had a true insight when she observed that George Eliot (whom she admired to the green point of envy), took herself with tremendous seriousness, always on duty, never relaxing, certainly not in her letters, which are almost sepulchral in their gravity. "I think she must have been a dull woman with a great genius distinct—something like the gift of the old prophets, exercised with only a sort of dim perception what it meant!"

Contemporaries, for all that is said to the contrary, generally admire most and fathom deepest. The gospel concerning George Eliot is often dull enough. But it is the Word that tells truest in the end. And there are few Victorian writings that can "stand up to" Time like "Adam Bede," "Sister Maggie," and "Silas Marner." Go into the corner of any graveyard in the Midlands, where tombs of the 'sixties and 'seventies of the last century abound; try to evoke from their "brick graves" the typical, substantial figures of the fast-disappearing bucolic England, florid gentlemen generally see by their inferiors with their heads above the level of the edgerows mounted on trim cobs, the Tullivers, the Dobsons, the Poysers, the Lammeters, the Garths of those days will stand before you. Truer portraiture has never been in English fiction before or since. Mingled with these life-like delineations are many scenes, episodes, and flashes of feeling that touch the heart and the emotions profoundly. Who can forget the encounter between Adam and Arthur Donnithorne, or that between Mrs. Poyser and the old Squire? Few delights are more vivid to the novel-reader than the visit of Maggie to brother Tom at school, or the reception by the family at the Mill of the news that Tom Tulliver is about to pay off his father's debts. There is, by the way, a distressing "literal" in the great scene of the last words and death of the miller. "I had my turn. I beat him. That was out fair"—for "but fair." Nancy Lammeter, again, and Eppie in "Silas Marner" are figures worthy of the best in Scott, and without a touch of the mawkishness so common among fictitious heroines. Eppie's clinging to her poor home has a touch of the noble and quiet simplicity of character that makes of Jeanie Deans the unforgettable heroine she is. But the cosmogony of the Dodson family and their like is, perhaps, the greatest thing of all in these earliest and best of the George Eliot novels. The type of character elucidated in the analysis of the simple Dodson faith is one of the rivets of English History. In these wonderful books of her early prime, George Eliot gives us first her neighbours, then her family, then herself—subjects which, after all, afford the surest models for the portrait-artist.

The best critics have condoned her defects as a constructive artist, common, it can hardly be gainsaid, to most of the English school; for they see in her the greatest of realists of that best kind of realism which seems a speciality of the Low German latitude—the Dutch in painting, the Anglo-Celt in fiction. The Latin naturalists are too bitter, because they are so impersonal. George Eliot never omits the ingredient of *sympathy*, and this gives to the colours on her palette a permanence which all the artistry of Flaubert and Maupassant seems hardly able to attain. It is excellent to have this very neat and handy shilling copyright reprint, but we should have been more grateful to the publishers had they included a revaluation of George Eliot from the modern point of view, and omitted such poor substances as the minor tales appended to "Silas Marner." We hope to conclude our own revaluation when the later novels are issued.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* George Eliot's Works. New Cabinet Edition, copyright, in 17 shilling volumes. "Adam Bede," 2. "The Mill on the Floss," 2. "Silas Marner," 1. (Blackwood.)

THE CREED OF A CRITIC.*

It is always a good thing when a critic of books will come out from the covered way of the reviewer, and show himself in the open field of general criticism; it is a token that he possesses not only convictions but the courage of them. Mr. John M. Robertson, in his "New Essays Towards a Critical Method," would have the critic make to his readers a confession of his habit of mind, his culture, and even his physical diathesis, politics and age, by way of enabling them to check the personal quality of his judgments; and Mr. William Archer, in the introduction to his "Poets of the Younger Generation," not only accepted but followed this plan. Mr. Scott-James, in his new book, "Personality in Literature," is not quite so explicit as all that; but at least he puts forward clearly and at length those conclusions upon the fine art of literature, and the nature of beauty which are at the root and spring of his critical mind.

Such a statement, by so well-known a critic and reviewer, is entirely welcome. It is not only that he is thereby identified, and the body of his work rendered subject to the code he has himself formulated—an excellent limitation for a reviewer—but there is also a contribution to that critical atmosphere in which creative work is most profitably born. The chief function of criticism is neither appraisement nor appreciation; it is the furthering, the guiding, the provocation of creative art; and that function

* "Personality in Literature." By R. A. Scott-James. (Martin Secker.)

is not to be accomplished save in the light of a clear vision and by the force of profound beliefs.

"I lay it down as a self-evident proposition," says Mr. Scott-James, "that if we mean anything at all by creative literature, or literature regarded as a fine art, we must mean something which provides us with an addition to experience, an experience *sui generis*. We demand that it should be something which will occupy us, and engage our faculties . . . which will come profoundly in contact with us when we are in fullest possession of ourselves, which will not merely stir us, but stir us to activity."

That activity, however, must be what Mr. Scott-James calls "disinterested." It must be an activity within the four corners of art, neither moral nor immoral. The writer's business as an artist is to furnish an experience, and any purpose he may have beyond making that experience emotionally true and complete is alien to his chief end and hostile to his art. It is his to create, not a reproduction of life and its people, but "to substitute for the dishevelled commonplace the choiceness of an ordered interpretation." In a later chapter, the author says of Mr. Arnold Bennett that "he is aware that life is a spectacle; that to make it interesting you must make it vivid, you must show it as something that is intense and passionate." And that is true, even of the drab and trivial lives of narrow men; Mr. Bennett sees and shows his shopkeepers and the folk about them as vessels of wrath and passion; it is not they that matter; it is Mr. Bennett's vision of them, and of the changing world they inhabit.

There is in this book a brief passage in which Mr. Scott-James touches upon the falsification of such words as "passion" and "romance"; he might have enlarged the list by the inclusion of "art," "beauty," and "literature." In the debased currency of the vernacular a tailor may be an artist, beauty is a slang term, and every advertiser produces and distributes literature. It is needful that writers and readers alike should clear their pockets of their false coin of language, and realise once more that noble words have a noble significance. "There are many people of my acquaintance who think it almost indecent to talk of literature as a fine art," says Mr. Scott-James. "They have the same distaste for the word 'art' as others have for the name of God." It is because the author himself, in this book which sets forth and elucidates his critical creed, goes back to things basic and essential, to stark art, and sheer beauty, and pure literature, that his volume has its character alike of a confession and vindication. Instead of telling us the place of his birth, like Mr. William Archer, he shows us the plain ground on which he stands.

The book concludes with studies of a number of men of letters. Of Mr. Bernard Shaw we read that: "If he has not completely failed (as a writer of plays), that is because he has not completely lived up to his theories." Mr. Gilbert Chesterton's philosophy is "a sort of sublimated public opinion, *minus* the opinion of the intellectuals." Mr. Masefield, Mr. H. G. Wells, J. M. Synge, and Francis Thompson, are others to whom Mr. Scott-James devotes consideration.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

FREDERICK TENNYSON'S POEMS.*

Frederick Tennyson was the eldest of the three brothers: his younger brother, Charles, was a finer poet, and it is the greatness of the youngest, Alfred, that gives to the work of the other two a larger interest than it would otherwise possess. The man himself was greater than his poetry. "It is because there are so few F. Tennysons in the world," Edward FitzGerald wrote to him, when he was living out of England, "that I do not like to be wholly out of hearing of the one I know. . . I see so many little natures that I needs must draw to the large." And the chief attraction of his poems is that his own strong individuality is reflected in them; he is no echo; in whatever he wrote he was wholly himself. His besetting weaknesses are a certain vagueness of thought and diffuseness of expression; but in his happiest lyrical moods his utterance is the perfection of simplicity and the thought shines out with a starry clearness, as in "Beauty":

"Like as sweet Voices linger in the ear,
And Music, that we heard not while 'twas playing,
Comes back unbid for many a day and year,
And haunts the heart like Spirits earthward straying.

"When first I saw thee in thine own abode,
I saw that beauty without fear or pain,
But now it rules my nature like a God,
And in my vision rises up again.

"And yet, beloved, 'tis no longer thou,
But something rare which Fancy in the brain
Begets on Memory; could I see thee now,
Thy beauty by its shadow could be slain.

"If I should never more behold thy face,
Alas! if thou wert dead and lowly laid,
That Shadow would rule o'er me in thy place,
Methinks I still should love that lovely Shade. . . .

"Oh! let me look into thy deep blue eyes,
That if we part for ever, if we part,
My soul may live upon felicities
For ever, shadows of the joy thou art."

You read these poems with quiet pleasure; there is not one of them that outsoars all the rest and puts Frederick Tennyson among those lesser bards whom the gods in one great hour touched with the divine fire of inspiration, but there is hardly one of them that has not some felicity of phrase, something of reflection or feeling or fancy that lifts it above the level of mere verse. It is not great poetry, but it is poetry, as the homely candle that brightens a little room is at one with that great miracle of the heavens which lightens all the world. A sympathetic Introduction by Charles Tennyson gives a delightful character sketch of the poet, and a careful and discriminating criticism of his work.

Frederick Tennyson.

Frontispiece portrait from "The Shorter Poems of Frederick Tennyson" (Macmillan).

* "The Shorter Poems of Frederick Tennyson." With Portrait. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

CUPID GOES NORTH.*

For all its wit and lightness of style, "The Sporting Instinct" had a serious side, but in "Cupid Goes North," Mr. Martin Swayne returns to the delightfully irresponsible humour of "Lord Richard in the Pantry." Once he has lured you into his mood he carries you on irresistibly and has you so under his spell that even the most whimsically burlesque behaviour on the part of his characters seems natural enough and tickles you to heartiest laughter without shaking your belief in them. The whole story arises out of Dr. Belascow's anxiety to cure his friend, Cecil Charteris, of certain growing habits of indolence and induce him to adopt a healthier, more active attitude towards life and the world in general. Cecil has inherited a handsome property, but is weary of living in the country and has taken a house in Harley Street, which he shares with Belascow, a doctor of a small but fashionable practice, and Belascow is beginning to find that the strain of living continuously in the same house with an idler, who is a minor poet, is just a little too irksome, and he becomes insistent that Cecil must marry:

"My dear Vladimir, I shall never marry," replied Cecil calmly. "When a man marries, his life ends. When a woman marries, her life begins. How can you expect marriage to be a success?"

Dr. Belascow took no notice of this remark.

"Why don't you go about more? Why don't you meet more people, Cecil?"

"I don't like people. People are a mistake."

"Oh, come, my dear fellow, it is absurd to talk like that. Let us go to Lady Algernon's on Friday night. You will meet some of the best dancers in London."

"Lady Algernon is a very tedious person, Vladimir. I dislike her brilliant unsuccessful smile, and her green satin stair carpets intensely. And besides, people take dancing too seriously nowadays. If one indulges in a little pleasant conversation, one is hustled out. Dancing used to be a medium for displaying beautiful dresses. Now it is merely a mode of exercise."

Nevertheless, after refusing to accompany Belascow on a holiday to Tilwhinny, a remote part of Scotland where there is good fishing—("It's such an awful nuisance moving, isn't it?")—he suddenly changes his mind when Belascow casually speaks of it as a pilgrimage: "Pilgrimage! You never mentioned a pilgrimage! That is a beautiful idea. Pilgrimage—it is an exquisite unhurried word. By all means let us go on a pilgrimage." And since "a pilgrimage without vows is absurd," he vows to take a stone off his weight and to read one of Scott's novels—"a dangerous, anguished vow"—before he returns. In the one inn at Tilwhinny, Marjorie Glenfiddoch is staying with her father and mother, and Cecil falls immediately in love with her, only to learn that the family has resolved to go away to Aberdeen on the following day. Mr. Glenfiddoch has had a most wretched time there. He had to lie up in bed with a cold as soon as he arrived, and on the very day he was well enough to get up he went out shooting with Lord Flashman, another guest, and as Flashman accidentally shot him in the back he had to hurry home and go to bed again. The only available doctor is laid up unwell, and Glenfiddoch's wife has had to nurse him until he is fit to get about again. Cecil sees at once that his one hope is to keep Glenfiddoch in bed and, as Belascow refuses to reveal his profession, offer to attend the patient, and insist on his not getting up yet. Cecil decides to pose as a doctor himself and achieve this end, Belascow undertaking not to give him away:

"There will be no necessity. You'll give yourself away."

"Nonsense. I have met so many doctors in our house that I can act the part perfectly. A doctor is only a manner and a list of half-a-dozen drugs or so."

"But you are a surgeon, remember. You may have to pick shot out of Glenfiddoch's back."

"Don't be so disgusting. I shall not do any such thing. My diagnosis will disclose the absence of shot in Glenfiddoch's back. I have arranged my diagnosis before seeing the patient, just like any great surgeon, Vladimir."

He carries out his scheme with complete success, even though he pronounces at first that the patient has an impossibly high temperature, and later that he has absolutely no temperature whatever. When Glenfiddoch has become recklessly impatient and announced that he intends to get up in the evening, Duane, the eccentric scientist and traveller, who has lately arrived at the hotel and is a friend of Belascow's, readily undertakes to pose as a Scotch specialist; he goes away, an elaborate show is made of wiring for a specialist, and Duane, arriving in a motor-car disguised in flowing whiskers, examines the sufferer and emphatically insists that he shall not leave his bed for another week or two and alarms him into obeying. Before this, however, Cecil has discovered that Marjorie is not his ideal, he is disappointed in her, and she is evidently not drawn to him; which leaves Belascow free to confess that he is himself in love with her, and latterly it has been in the interests of his friend that Cecil has continued to prescribe for the unfortunate Glenfiddoch and detain him upstairs. And before this, too, a very charming young widow has come to stop at the hotel and Cecil has wholly and irrevocably given his heart to her. There are pretty touches of sentiment in this new and genuine love affair, but the prevailing note of the book is of the gayest and most whimsical humour, punctuated with genially satirical comments on the life we live and the people who are living it with us. The characters are cleverly and amusingly drawn; the dialogue is crisp and sparkling, and the whole story simply bubbles over with laughter. Novels are as plentiful as sparrows, but your humorous book is a rarer bird, and the reviewer is to be forgiven if he writes more words than were allotted to him when he finds he has found a real one. C. W.

* "Cupid Goes North." By Martin Swayne. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE ROMP.*

"Mrs. Jordan: Child of Nature" makes the reader think he is taking up a lively gossiping story of the queen of comedy who was also the mistress of a king with whom the comic is in no other way associated; but the biographer seems to have been over-much obsessed by the "mysteries" of his heroine's career, and, in natural disappointment over the failure to clear up certain of those mysteries, to have been a thought too zealous in quoting the various confusing and contradictory "authorities." The result is a work likely to appeal to those who want a careful collation of much of the biographical data concerning Dorothy Jordan rather than a realistic and lively portrayal of her personality.

That there are "mysteries" concerning Dorothy Jordan no one who has read more than one of the memoirs concerning her can have failed to perceive. When was she born? Where was she born? Who was her father? Such are some of the problems that face the biographer at the outset, and Mr. Sergeant seeks to deal with them by discussing the seeming probabilities on comparing the conflicting evidence. As to when she was born, her latest biographer accepts the date as 1762, though recognising that there is evidence that makes it uncertain; as to where she was born he does not state definitely, as the late Joseph Knight does in the "Dictionary of National Biography," that the place was "near Waterford," but leaves the rival claims of London and the Irish town as "not proven," saying that "in the absence of any evidence from a register of birth or baptism, it is impossible to go further." With regard to the parents of the actress, there seems to be little doubt as to the identity of her father, and Mr. Sergeant, with seeming justice, dismisses the story, too readily accepted by Knight, that he "was merely a stage underling"—otherwise a scene-shifter who, according to one authority, accompanied Dorothy when, still in her teens, she was acting at Cork. Mr. Sergeant dismisses this particular authority as "too loose a writer to inspire confidence"; but it may be suggested that Dorothy's mother, after the supposed annulment of her marriage with Francis Bland, may have married again or, in some less binding form, have given

* "Mrs. Jordan: Child of Nature." By Philip W. Sergeant. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

another man the right to stand *in loco parentis* to her children, in which case the scene-shifter who accompanied the girl to Cork might well have been her actual or putative stepfather.

To turn, however, from the preliminary " mysteries " to the subject itself, there is much of varied and pathetic interest in the story of Dorothy Jordan's life, and her latest biographer has been at considerable pains to bring together all that he has been able to ascertain from contemporary journals and magazines bearing on her career as an actress and as mistress of the Duke of Clarence (afterwards King William the Fourth). The result is, as we have suggested, a work that is more conspicuous for carefulness than for vivid interest, for the author is almost over-careful to introduce " chapter and verse " for every statement, to give extracts *verbatim et literatim* rather than digest them and give a less broken story of his heroine's career. It was in the autumn of 1791 that Mrs. Jordan, having failed to make Richard Ford—later Sir Richard and the chief magistrate of London—make her in law that " Mrs. Ford " which he had led his friends to believe her, began her liaison with the Duke of Clarence; at least, it was then that the outspoken gossip-loving Press of the day began making paragraphs concerning the Royal Duke and the actress, though there are not wanting indications that it was only then that an arrangement entered into earlier became notoriously public. In speaking of the way in which the sons of George III. were brought up, the author, by the way, slips into a pun, the significance of which is more notable than the wit: " there is a story that the boys were brought up to do worsted-work. It would indeed have been well if they had never been taught to do worse." For twenty years the Duke maintained Mrs. Jordan as the mistress of his home, and showed himself in quite a favourable light as a domestic character, and a fond father of the ten children of the irregular union; that he did so makes the story of the breaking-off of that union and of the actress's closing years the more pathetic and the less creditable to him. Despite all that his apologists—the egregious John Barton, " official of the Royal Mint," Sir Jonas Barrington, and James Boaden—wrote, it is impossible to feel that he behaved with common decency towards the woman who had given the best years of her life to him, who was the mother of his children; he could write smugly of being " a sincere friend and well-wisher to the Navy," as " breeding up sons for the quarter-deck," but he does not come out well from the story of the later years of the mother of those sons. If, at the time of the commencement of the liaison, the Duke suffered more, as Mr. Sergeant says he did, from the scurrilous paragraphers of the day than did the actress, had he behaved better later he would have given less opportunity to the successors of those paragraphers.

As Mrs. Siddons reigns supreme in the annals of our stage as queen of tragedy, so does Mrs. Jordan—there appears no adequate explanation of her assumption of that name—in the realm of comedy (the tragedy with her was real in the closing years of her life), and Mr. Sergeant's carefully-prepared volume should serve to stimulate an interest in her personality and the story of her career.

Mrs. Jordan.

From an engraving by J. Heath.
From " Mrs. Jordan," by Philip W. Sergeant (Hutchinson).

A PERSPECTIVE OF POLICIES.*

This is an absorbing volume, packed with intuition and experience, penetrating, stimulative, statesmanlike. Mr. Fullerton has the rare gift of seeing the whole, and the parts so often mistaken for the whole, in true proportions and relations to it. He has given us a perspective of policies which combines the painstaking panorama of a map with the vivid brilliance of a picture.

The book handles the themes of past, present, and future, of realms, commonwealths and empires, under two heads. Postulating that money and public opinion underlie modern history (of which an art but no " philosophy " is possible), he considers that history as displayed in national character and international policies. But here again two several aspects prevail. Nationality asserts itself the more as the modern internationality tries to thwart it, while in its turn the " international mind " is frequently forced into some accommodation with the national mould. All along, too, the stern facts of economics are effective modifiers of nations and internations.

There is no space to do the scantiest justice to Mr. Fullerton's presentations of and variations on the subject. Under the first aspect, for example, he shows how, with republican France, " the fear of a *man* " has been " the beginning of wisdom," and he shows also to what defects this has led, though the republic of 1875 was itself an " accident " whereby the façade of Government with its Napoleonic " scaffolding " was reinforced by " fresh beams " of administration.

The inelasticity and over-bureaucracy, the lack of individual development, under this system, are exhibited not only as they are, but as they work in foreign relations. As Bismarck put it, France is still under the sway of " the ten thousand." Not so the sister republic of America, for which Mr. Fullerton has perhaps an inordinate admiration. And the recent revival of French nationalism dates, he thinks, from Roosevelt's declaration that there is no liberty without institutions. Under the second head the author shows the psychological effects, not only of Alsace and Lorraine, but of the Russian alliance which, by abolishing the hopes of *revanche*, threw France back into " positivism and resignation." Then, again, he points out how the fascination of his Teuton cousin for Tsar Nicholas II. led to M. Hanoteaux's *rapprochement* with both Russia and Germany for the irritation of England. And how, thereupon, Edward the Seventh, with a stroke of the stage, initiated that successful *entente* which his genius for tact and comity commended.

The characteristics of Germany, Russia, and America are pursued in analysis and proportions that are so animated as to form almost a melodrama in which (with exaggeration) Germany plays the necessary villain, England practical if oscillating, now the hero, now the *ami-mutuel*, France and Italy the somewhat incompatible heroines. Very much

* " Problems of Power: A Study of International Politics from Sadowa to Kirk-Kilissé." By William Morton Fullerton. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

to the point is the emphasis laid on the fact (which Disraeli, by the bye, foresaw at the time) that America's Civil War forced her to emerge as a great power affected by each shifting international situation. The preludes and sequels, too, of the Balkan War are followed and interpreted with masterful insight, while the future of Central America, the complications of Japan and China, with their manifold bearings, are more than indicated. Mr. Fullerton believes that future struggles for power, after the opening of the Panama Canal, will be transferred from the stage of the Mediterranean to that of the Northern and Eastern Pacific.

As befits a lover both of thought and action, the author has little patience with the "idealogues" who precipitate wars by pacific protests. Well does he know and show the dangers of the international mind that would save every country but its own, and he quotes Spinoza to prove the true foundations of a State: "Liberty or strength of soul are the virtue of private persons, the virtue of the State is security." He would have small practical sympathy with the almost Lateran messages of Lord Haldane, "urbi et orbi," with the men of pens who think to write away thunder and lightning, or the demagogues who imitate Canute on the sea-shore. Still less does he sympathise with the wrestlers round parish pumps, who are always too late for world-emergencies, and would sacrifice national character to a vote-catching humanitarianism. The perils of sentimental neurosis are excellently dissected.

Perhaps the commanding, and continuing, if subterranean, activities of Russia are not sufficiently pursued, but on the whole this condensation of much in little, is complete. Nor—if only as a corrective to the prevailing "shallowness" of anti-national "democracy," can any one who would understand the wide forces that, amid all the tattle, are still driving the world, afford to leave these poignant pages unread. For Mr. Fullerton knows what he writes and feels what it means. That is a rare quality.

WALTER SICHEL.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS' NOVEL.*

"Caviare" was delicious—a whimsy, a whet; "Valentine" is both solider and wilder. It has nothing whatever to do with the fourteenth of February; for Valentine stands for Valentine Barat, and he, though a lover, is "English, very English, English in all his ideas, sympathies, prejudices, a very John Bull mentally." In other words, a brick;—and bricks make but heavy love-missives: art has probably never yet compelled Mr. Richards to exercise a sterner self-denial than in his chapters recording Valentine's verbal love-making. But bricks do make the very best of building material for a novelist with a dizzy plot: their psychology is so simple, they act as per invoice so reliably, that he can plan out successive tiers and courses of ascending circumstance without any fear of them suddenly playing him false—revealing sudden oddities of behaviour or unsuspected foibles of temperament. And Mr. Grant Richards had a plot when he sat down to "Valentine," a plot of Grand Babylonian bigness: you think of "Hugo" and "The City of Pleasure" and the other excellent early Arnold Bennetts when you read of the "lordly pleasure-house, a home for all our colonies, a market-place, several times larger than any building in the world," which Valentine's father, the famous architect, is spending his life-blood in erecting on the north side of Leicester Square, to be "a tower and lighthouse of Empire, dominating London." The building soars up, is opened and occupied: music-halls and synagogues, theatres and swimming-baths, a hotel "that alone dwarfs the Waldorf Astoria" are negligibly embedded in its wings. And then Valentine, as his father's heir and representative, discovers a flaw in the dead man's designs. That terrific topmost tower, brooding over London, apparently as solid as Ben Nevis, is based on a mathematical error: at any instant it may crash down, a monstrous flail of death, on the swarming city beneath. That is a nice strain to be thrown on a brick!

* "Valentine." By Grant Richards. 6s. (Grant Richards, Ltd.)

Photo, by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Grant Richards.**

On the one hand, he is the guardian of his dead father's honour; on the other, he bears the weight of London's safety; and the tension is complicated by the transverse tug of love,—for disclosure means ruin, and ruin, to brickish minds, makes marriage immoral, especially marriage to an heiress. Does the triple wrench break him? You must explore the book and see. You will find it an entrancing undertaking. For that is only the corner-stone of a structure which, like the Palace of Empire itself, easily embraces betting-rings and Turkish baths, countless restaurants, an aerodrome as broad as the Channel, and a glittering reproduction of the livelier Paris of dead years. "Caviare" was really a dramatic disquisition on the art of decorative living. "Valentine," though still decorative and disquisitious, gives its chief attention to the art of drama. It has beauty, but no priggishness; it is melodramatic without noise. It is fastidious extravaganza, rarest of art forms: a "Grand Babylon Hotel" finished like a "Cardinal's Snuff-box."

D. S.

OUT OF THE ABYSS.*

Those of us who as medical men have to do with the treatment of inebriety realise the truthfulness of the story told in "Out of the Abyss." The horror of the degradation, physical and mental, is fully exposed. In the poverty to which through the drunken habits of a wife and mother a family is reduced, the change in the character and disposition of the person addicted to drink, the constant attachment of blame for befalling misfortunes to almost every person other than the recreant herself, and in the overpowering insistence of the craving for alcohol, before which the finer instincts of wifehood and motherhood have to give way, is given a picture in which the telling effects of an all enslaving appetite are vividly portrayed. While we cannot but feel for, and deeply sympathize with the writer of the autobiography, and share with her in the joy which is hers on delivery from the thraldom of alcohol, we cannot but express our admiration of the patience and tenderness of the husband, also of the love of children for

* "Out of the Abyss: The Autobiography of One who was Dead and is Alive Again." 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

a mother, under protracted circumstances of a most trying and heartrending nature. The family has had its reward.

The drink question is all important from a personal, social and racial point of view. Humanly speaking, the recovery of the writer of the manuscript was effected through the magnetic influence of one of her own sex. This chosen messenger was successful in her appeal to all that yet remained best in her degraded sister. The changed life begun was continued and sustained by aid from a Higher Power, which the autobiographer fully and gratefully acknowledges, and without which there could have been no lasting success. The writer of this short note can recall instances of similar recovery; one by the simple grasp of a hand and the encouraging words spoken by a comparatively unknown friend; others, where self-determination enabled the individual to rise to higher things and to a return of the Christian Life.

THOMAS OLIVER, KT., M.D.

ELLEN ADAIR.*

From the working class life of a big city, an anything but circumscribed sphere, Mr. Niven has taken the material for this skilfully-told story. The Adairs are typical of thousands of decent, industrious, ambitious, pleasure-loving families in and out of Edinburgh. "Father" is head porter with a firm of decorators, but in the presence of the bank and insurance clerks and students who throng the flat during the jolly Saturday teas and the more sedate Sunday evenings he is referred to as their manager. Mrs. Adair's aim is the capture of gentlemen husbands for her daughters, persons able to take them shopping in Princes Street and to cosy luncheons in quiet but "tony" grill rooms, and with this end in view they cultivate assiduously the accents and deportment of Queensferry Road and Rothesay Terrace. The portraits of the five members of the little household in "The Meadows" are etched with power; Mr. Adair, blundering and at variance with the social nonsense; Mrs. Adair, beaming, pushing, shrewd, and worldly; Tom, stolid, unobtrusive, and undemonstrative; Louise, staid, well balanced, a fine girl; and Ellen, vivacious, pretty, alluring, revelling in high spirits and the joy of life, fully conscious of her power over men. The ruin of Ellen at the hands of "the Scotsman with Lascar's eyes" is no doubt in keeping with the development of her character, but nevertheless it, and the heavy shadow cast over the rest, comes as a distinct shock to the reader, whose affections they have taken by storm. Depending upon incident and description rather than plot, it is no small tribute to the writer's art to say that never once during the reading of these three hundred odd pages does the interest slacken.

THE TEACHINGS OF TOLSTOY.†

The task of discovering what Tolstoy came to know or believe in regard to the meaning of human life and the universe is fascinating, arduous, at times perplexing if not a little exasperating. Mr. Bolton Hall, a devoted student of the master, says in the introduction to his expressive collection: "Anyone may reject Count Tolstoy's teaching: no one can ignore it; his doctrine is dynamic, revolutionary, fatal if false, a message of peace if true." The matter is by no means so simple. One may readily accept Tolstoy's central and essential faith or vision, not finding it at all revolutionary. One may be often exceedingly dissatisfied with the way in which he develops it or applies it to immediate issues and problems. The trouble of many of us is not over the acceptance or rejection of Tolstoy, but over the fact that having seen a great light he cannot serenely and steadily follow the gleam and let us go calmly and gladly in his wake. He stops again and again to argue, like a theological controversialist or a politician, about that initial vision which we do not question at all. The over-emphasis and repetition become wearisome and painful, as in the book, "On Life," which Mr. Hall has so faithfully summarised in the first part of his work. And when Tolstoy recovers from the passion for argument about what we do not want to argue, and proceeds to work out his intuitive philosophy, he does not carry us so far as we hoped, and he has not the poise, ecstasy, and power of revelation that we expected. His leading is not as definite as his light.

He is at some pains to show that the essence of the vision and gospel of the great world-teachers—the Founder of Christianity, Buddha, Zoroaster, Lao-tsze, etc.—is similar, though the forms and accompaniments may differ. This is unquestionable. And one cannot believe that anybody deeply versed in Hindu, Buddhist, Hermetic, Erostic, mystical Christian, neo-Platonist and kindred philosophy would find the great Russian in the least degree revolutionary. The core of his teaching is of dateless age. He expresses at one stage his belief that he is older than recorded time, that, adopting a phrase from the "Bhagavad Gita," he never was not and never shall cease to be: meaning, of course, the diviner self, the eternal consciousness within him, and not the transient actor, the animal man or personal self. But save on rare occasions he cannot quite transcend this personal mundane self. The Tolstoy who became a seer was more plagued than he knew by the memory of the Tolstoy who was not a seer. He often argued with his own past when he thought he argued with contemporaries who did not see the light that had come to him. If he could have put away from his everyday consciousness the disturbing thought of his faults and

Photo by Ana.s. **Mr. Frederick Niven.**

* "Ellen Adair." By Frederick Niven. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

† "What Tolstoy Taught." Edited by Bolton Hall. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

follies, the years he had wasted, and gone onward joyously to let his enkindled self, his exalted consciousness realise itself and give forth its tidings, he would have proved a more fruitful and convincing prophet.

So he is like and unlike the great teachers. He affords beautiful gleams of higher truth, but he lacks serenity, steadiness, sureness, and consistency. He falls too often from the plane of enlightenment to that of argument. The great seers unfold what they see and know. They do not argue. We may not always be able to follow them because we have not succeeded in developing anything equal to their faculty of spiritual sight. However, we have realised something of the Way that leads to the Truth or part thereof. But we know, what Tolstoy often forgets, that the further progress is a question of interior development, not mere argument. We cannot be argued into (that soul-state called) the Kingdom of Heaven. We must grow; suppressing or shedding—or keeping strictly as a garb or vehicle—the mundane personal self.

Tolstoy late in life discovered the limitations and the illusion incidental to the animal man, the everyday mundane personality. He came to possess a sense of the higher individuality which is timeless. But apparently he did not realise more than a little of its wonder and its mystical deeps and resources. He seems to have made the mistake, not unfamiliar in mystical, or rather psychic, history, of assuming that an accession of supernormal light or vision is the very radiance of absolute divinity. He scarcely realised that on the psychic and spiritual plane souls must still go on labouring, discovering, achieving. The added gleam is not the All. "In my Father's House there are many mansions."

The second part of Mr. Bolton Hall's collection consists of citations from Tolstoy on a medley of issues and interests. They show his occasional confusion as well as his vision and insight. It is manifestly impossible to consider even their salient aspects in a review of this character. It is a varied and complicated study, for great and wise on so many lines, Tolstoy sometimes palpably misinterprets or distorts truths till he makes them seem preposterous. The command "resist not evil," for example. The real meaning is doubtless "resent not evil." That is to say, do not become obsessed by passion and hatred thereof; for these are blinding, vitiating, and mean spiritual deterioration and ineffectiveness. But fight and remove the evil calmly and scientifically, keeping your soul serene through the whole process. This is like the Hindu philosophy of "detachment," so nobly enunciated in the "Bhagavad Gita."

Mr. Bolton Hall's introduction and selection form a worthy work that is really needed. They do not wholly explain Tolstoy—the great writer himself does not succeed in doing so. The main material, however, makes for thought and enlightenment, and some of it is peculiarly valuable to-day. But to know the Russian teacher well we have need to go at times from Tolstoy to the masters of Tolstoy, who saw more surely and steadily than he.

W. P. RYAN.

HARRIET HOSMER.*

Nowadays one does not often hear the name of Harriet Hosmer, American sculptor of the nineteenth century. One hears more of St. Gaudens or even W. W. Story, her compatriots and fellow-workers in the classic style. Yet Harriet Hosmer in her day enjoyed a reputation that in many respects transcended theirs. She is represented in the United States by some big public works, mammoth statues of notable personalities (Lincoln was one of them), and by some imaginative statuary that made the critics of the time lift up their eyes in admiration. Perhaps a little of the admiration was due to the fact that the sculptor was a woman. Some of the criticisms in these memoirs are as much compliments to her sex as to her art. It was a more wonderful thing, in the 'sixties and 'seventies, than it would be now, that a woman should venture, let alone excel, and Miss Hosmer certainly ventured. At the age of twenty-two, she went to study in Rome, where she became the pupil of John Gibson, then at the height of his fame. The young, enthusiastic American girl was prepared to worship at his shrine. The English sculptor's ideals quickly became her own; she set herself to be, as he was, a faithful, unquestioning disciple of the Ancient Greeks; Rome henceforth was to her, as to him, the centre of the artistic universe, and a headquarters for life. An intimate friendship sprung up between master and pupil, unmarred by any *arrière pensée*; Gibson had dedicated his life to art, so had she. Her letters abound with respectfully affectionate references to her master, while to his "dear little Hosmer" Gibson unburdens his soul as much as his dour, restrained character could permit. The latter's letters, by the way, in this volume emanate a warmth of feeling and appreciation of his brilliant pupil that contrasts rather strangely with the three brief and wholly noncommittal references to her in his own autobiography.

But Gibson was only one of many in her crowded life. Miss Hosmer's breezy outlook and her lively wit soon made her a welcome recruit to the English colony at Rome. She knew the Brownings before and after they became the talk of cultured society. Robert Browning addressed her as "dearest Hatty," and their correspondence leaves one with the impression that she helped materially to keep the lighter side of the poet's personality alive. Leighton, then a student in Rome, was of their circle; Mrs. Fanny Kemble she had known in America and frequently corresponded with; Mrs. Anna Jameson, Sir Henry Layard, Gladstone, Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake, were but a few of those who never came and went without visiting her studio. The Crowned Heads who favoured her included the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales—"I think he will make a good king," wrote the sculptor naïvely in 1901, "because he has got two of my statues." To follow her social progress would require a volume; enough that the ramifications of the Rome "set" extended so far, and her personal popularity was so great, that when she visited England she was fêted as if she had been a foreign monarch or an important municipal council. One may read the secret of her social popularity and her artistic success in her letters. They are singularly free from any note of bitterness, querulousness or uncharitableness. She is bright, whimsical, humorous, interesting; sometimes chastened, but never doleful. These qualities added to an undoubted talent for the then popular style of sculpture explain her vogue. The book is delightful reading for the light it throws on the dilettante Society that pilgrimaged to Rome, and for its intimate glimpses of notable figures in nineteenth-century art and literature.

F. J. M.

* "Harriet Hosmer: Letters and Memories." Edited by Cornelia Carr. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

THE OLDER UNIVERSITIES.*

It is scarcely to be expected that so complicated a question as University Reform could ever be satisfactorily determined in one volume. Mr. Tillyard attempts here both history and prophecy, or rather suggestion: he approaches the subject with accurate knowledge and sound judgment. It is, of course, in the very nature of Reform that it should be continuous and progressive. No live institution can ever stand still; and it is impossible that what is sufficient for one generation can altogether satisfy the next. Conclusions, however, would be more decisive, and less difficult, if we were all agreed about our aim.

The danger of idealism everywhere to-day is its strong leaning towards adaptability. Whether the main object of a university be teaching or learning (and authorities on this point remain diametrically opposed), it may direct its energies towards either on different lines. At every stage of

* "A History of University Reform, from A.D. 1800 to the Present Time, with suggestions towards a complete scheme for the University of Cambridge." By A. I. Tillyard. 10s. net. (Heffer.)

education we may be more, or less, disinterested: we may pursue knowedge for its own sake or in the quest of fitness for life, which covers more than mere wage-earning. Mr. Tillyard appears to us not always conscious of the distinction. At any rate he fails to emphasize the unique supremacy of our older universities, which, unlike the new, may not wholly concentrate themselves on efficient training. He assumes as an Ideal—*the teaching which busy men want.*

Remembering this qualification, however, we may go far with him in retrospect and anticipation. He has explained, with a sure touch, many points often misunderstood concerning the mighty battles of olden time. He shows us how those strangely allied, yet independent, institutions—the university and her colleges—have grown to maturity, side by side, engaged apparently in one object, yet often acquiring interests which have proved stubbornly antagonistic. He traces the progress of education and finance, from their simple curriculum and single chest to all the multiplicity of boards and bursars by which they are now controlled. He summarises the various measures of Reform—often more far-reaching in effect than design—by which Parliament has striven to put our House in Order, and regulate, by legislation, our management of a great National Trust.

Despite prejudice, backsliding, and the powerful drag of vested interests, it is a record of which every Englishman has a right to be proud. Oxford and Cambridge have moved with the times without sacrificing their heritage. They are still Centres of Light.

The question of what should be done next remains uncertain. Here Mr. Tillyard is greatly daring and eminently practical. He has ready for us a complete, but elastic, system of universal economy for students, an attractive scheme for the raising of all salaries for teachers, a bold measure for unification in authority, instruction, executive, and finance. He faces the problem of the non-resident.

Undoubtedly his numerous suggestions merit very careful attention; but as we have indicated already, they fail—like his criticism—by not recognising any ideal beyond the creation of an efficient teaching-machine. We may become that, but we must remain something else.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

THE CORYSTON FAMILY.*

"There was only one comfortable chair in the room, and Lady Coryston never sat in it." Here, in a sentence, you have the title-character in Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, and a happy example of the author's gift for hitting off in a few unforgettable words the personalities of her characters. Sometimes there is a pleasant echo of a past *jeu d'esprit*, as in a remark of the disinherited son of Lady Coryston, in reference to his brother James: "But nobody could be as wise as you look." The portraits of the Prime Minister's wife and the Radical Chancellor are bitten in with acid. There is no doubt that Mrs. Humphry Ward retains her unique power of fixing her reader's interest. It is a power that is felt by us all, however much we may agree in or dissent from the author's particular thesis. The particular thesis in the present case seems to be that "other things matter more than politics—especially to women"; or that "tyranny is not good for man—or woman either." The choice depends rather upon your own political, social or religious point of view. Consideration will possibly compel some readers to the conclusion that if Mrs. Humphry Ward has set out to satirise the suffragette, or condemn the newer spirit in the trend of social, political or religious affairs, she leaves an impression more favourable on the whole than antagonistic to the new order of things. But whatever your point of view, whatever your more serious conclusion, you will not, once you have opened the book, put it down unread, for the story is endued with the vivacity, the charm, the arrestiveness that we have come to look for and to admire in all that Mrs. Humphry Ward writes; and to those who are her admirers it will be quite unnecessary to state that no outline of the plot could possibly convey any adequate idea of the hold of the story upon the sympathy and the imagination of the appreciative reader. The family whose fortunes we follow consists of Lady Coryston, representative of the "Matria potestas"; her three sons, and one daughter. Lady Coryston has been left in uncontrolled possession of the immense estates of her late husband, and of all the family traditions. Her first-born, Corry, who is like his mother, though "with a difference"—he becomes a Socialistic agitator—really loves her better than do the others. He is a splendidly-drawn character. The favourite son, Arthur, falls in love, unhappily, with the daughter of the unspeakable Chancellor. The other son, James, hardly counts. The daughter, Marcia, drives a High Churchman into religious celibacy through an embittered dispute over the divorce question, but finds happiness elsewhere. She is a charming girl. The house, divided against itself in life, is brought into partial reconciliation just prior to the mother's death. Individual readers will necessarily differ in their judgment of the book, but one is perfectly safe in saying that it will not be the least popular nor the least remembered of the author's studies of contemporary life.

W. F. A.

* "The Coryston Family." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

EVERYBODY'S BOOKS.*

We have twenty-four new volumes added to "Everyman's Library" this autumn, another eighteen to the cheap and popular re-issue of Bohn's Library, another five volumes of the "Home University Library" series, and a dozen of the equally handy and useful "People's Books." It is too late in the day to eulogise Bohn. To those of us who are, unfortunately, getting middle-aged, his volumes were a familiar boon in the days when cheap books cost more, as a rule, than we are asked to pay for them now; and, carefully re-edited and re-issued at less than a third of their original price, they will be as great a boon to-day to the new generation of readers. They are well printed, strongly and neatly bound, and, by the time the series is finished, will include practically all the great books of the past that are essential to the scholar's and to the book-lover's library. These eighteen give you Fanny Burney's early "Diary," Ranke's "History of the Popes," Carlyle's "French Revolution," Mignet's "French Revolution," "Marcus Aurelius," two more volumes of Emerson, Trollope's "Barchester Towers," and "The Warden," Fielding's "Tom Jones," Montaigne's "Essays," and Mrs. Jameson's "Shakespeare's Heroines."

With the four-and-twenty latest additions, Mr. Dent's great enterprise reaches a total of six hundred and sixty-four volumes. Some of the most attractive books in the new bundle are "A Century of English Essays," a well-selected anthology, compiled and introduced by Mr. Ernest Rhys; Dostoieffsky's "Letters from the Underworld and Other Tales"; a further volume of Ibsen's plays, containing "The Pretenders," "Pillars of Society," and "Rosmersholm"; Rousseau's "Essays"; Balzac's "Lost Illusions," with an admirable Introduction by Professor Saintsbury; Neale's "Fall of Constantinople"; G. W. E. Russell's "Life of Gladstone"; Swedenborg's "Divine Providence"; an Encyclopædia in twelve volumes—a very full, concise and serviceable work of reference; and a re-issue of Madame Calderon de la Barca's more than half-forgotten "Life in Mexico," for which Mr. Henry Baerlein has written an interesting Preface, in which he gives us a biography of the author, and bears testimony

* "Everyman's Library." 24 Vols. 1s. net each. (Dent.)—"Bohn's Popular Library." 18 Vols. 1s net each. (Bell.)—"The Home University Library." 5 Vols. 1s. net each. (Williams and Norgate.)—"The People's Books." 12 Vols. 6d. net each. (Jack.)

to the truth and value of this record of her experiences in a distressful but fascinating country. Mr. Ernest Rhys' "Century of English Essays" ranges from Caxton to Stevenson, and includes a round dozen by living writers. It is no use to talk of omissions. We would sacrifice two of Leigh Hunt's four for one by Alexander Smith, and one by Matthew Browne; but there is to be a second volume, and until we get that we have no right to be anything but thankful for a catholic and thoroughly representative first selection.

The "Home University Library" and the "People's Books" are, in a sense, the complement of the other two series. In the latter you may buy reprints of Coleridge, Goethe, Kant, and Shelley, and in the former obtain new books dealing critically and biographically with those authors. To the "People's Books," Mr. A. D. Lindsay contributes a scholarly monograph on Kant's "Philosophy," Professor Herford a sound, lucid, and informing study in little of Goethe; and Mr. S. L. Bensusan an adequate sketch of the poetry, philosophy, and baffling personality of Coleridge. It disquiets you a little to find him, in his preface, linking together Coleridge and Southey as poets who, "outside the ranks of professed students of poetry," are no longer read. Southey was a finer man than Coleridge, but as a poet he never walked on the same level with him, and nobody is to be reproached for reading his verse no longer. There is, however, nothing to fear; if Mr. Bensusan seems to over-value the poetry of Southey at the outset, he does not under-value that of Coleridge. He does not attempt to gloss the errors of Coleridge's life, but writes of them with sympathy and understanding, and as a brief introduction to a study of Coleridge his book is as interesting and helpful a thing as one could desire. Others in this seventh dozen of the "People's Books" that will appeal particularly to the general reader are Mr. M. M. C. Calthrop's on "The Crusades"; Mr. W. T. Waugh's on "The Monarchy and the People"; Professor Hearnshaw's on "England in the Making" (a brilliantly brief survey, that is at once good history and good reading); an excellent account of "The Stock Exchange" and its functions, by Mr. J. F. Wheeler; and an acute, but impartial, consideration of "Spiritualism and Psychical Research," by Mr. J. Arthur Hill, who is neither a spiritualist nor a sceptic but keeps an open mind on the subject, and states and weighs the evidence for and against in the best judicial spirit.

The "Home University Library" arrives at its eightieth volume with these new five; and each one of the new five is a real acquisition to the series. One feels a certain diffidence in praising "Euripides and His Age," because it is by Professor Gilbert Murray, and his name on such a book says more to commend it than could the needless commendation of critics, most of whom, on such a subject, stand towards him as pupils towards their master. Equally authoritative in their widely different ways are Mr. Aneurin Williams' lucid and timely exposition of "Co-Partnership and Profit-Sharing"; Professor Fraser Harris' study of "Nerves," and his practical hints to those—and they include most of us nowadays—who are troubled with them; and "The Ocean," in which Sir John Murray gives a general account of the science of the sea. To the literary student, and to those who are interested in the great democratic movements of our own time, we especially recommend, of these five, Professor Murray's "Euripides and His Age," and Mr. H. N. Brailsford's striking and masterly little book on "Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle." You might say of Shelley, Godwin, Tom Paine, and other great rebels who figure in Mr. Brailsford's pages, what Professor Murray says of Euripides: "As a thinker he is even to this day, treated almost as a personal enemy by scholars of orthodox and conformist minds; defended, idealised and sometimes transformed beyond recognition by various champions of rebellion, and the free intellect." No apostle of freedom has been more misrepresented and maligned than Tom Paine, and Mr. Brailsford's record of his career does noble justice to a man who was almost quixotically honest and idealistic. Mr. Brailsford sketches vividly the influence of the French Revolution on Shelley's and Godwin's England; he marshals and summarises his facts very skilfully, and his knowledge and breadth of vision, and the charm and strength of his style, make his book an authentic contribution to literature.

S. J.

THE MORNING'S WAR.*

There is always something heart-breaking about perfect beauty; and Mr. Montague's book exquisitely hurts. The constant keenness of its spirit is alone accusatory, like "the reproachful purity of early dawn"; and as the pages flash unconquerably the reader is found fallible—perhaps even to the extent of meanly, mutely, hankering for something slurred or blurred, or second-rate, or padded. No use! The pace holds. There is no marking-time anywhere. In the whole of the book there isn't one ready-made phrase nor a single stock simulacrum stuck in to stand for a thing seen: faces, places, moods and motives, are all realised anew, with a pledged integrity that never wearies or fails. And this realism is ruthless, just because it finds nothing but good. The world we had been dozing through so cosily, complaining of so complacently, turning the results of our own mistakes into martyrdoms and blaming the blotches in our sight on the scene—becomes imperatively positive, a challenge we can't refuse: willy nilly, pride pricking us, we have to bestir ourselves, waken and prepare to do something adequate. And the aboriginal slug-a-bed in the veins of us all whimpers resentfully. It was much peacefuller to be a blind man receiving alms passively, sighing self-pity for our handicap, than to have the shield plucked away and be shown we can see perfectly and are as fit for a good day's work as any man. "The Morning's War" does that. Of all the books published this year, whether in verse or in prose, it is by far the most sensually beautiful; and yet (though "and therefore" would be nearer the mark) much the most ascetic.

And, indeed, the central situation is itself the supreme ascetic one of that battle between love and religion which is the concentration and symbol of all the countless lesser daily human skirmishes between desire and duty. June Hathersage, a radiant Catholic of the sort that makes saints and martyrs, loves Aubrey, a most love-worthy pagan. But Aubrey, as he discovers after their love has interlocked, is the son of a Catholic priest who has broken his vows—the very result of that fracture. In June's eyes, therefore (so he feels, humbly worshipful), he must seem, when she knows, a live profanity: an incarnated affront to all she holds highest, an ambassador laden with insults to her Cause. She cannot come to him now (so he argues, alone) without deserting her own best, without compromise: "he entered, he thought he was entering, into June's steadfast horror of him as he was; he heard it like music; it had the mounting, passionate urgency of some great strain drawn out on violins, one long, importunate scaling of illimitable height; he saw it as a preternatural spire that never ceased to reach up further at the retreating sky." Not from him, certainly, must come the tragic statement of alternatives that might make her yield to human tenderness, desert her faith's pinnacle, and lessen the distance between them by descending. Her heights may seem artificial erections to him—but none the less they give the best of her foothold, they keep her spirit poised at its highest pitch. . . . Here, it may be, in this refusal of Aubrey's to let the woman make the choice for herself, there is some narrowing and specialisation of the motive: it sounds, perhaps, like psychological ingenuity. I confess I don't feel that: it belongs indivisibly to the book: the Aubrey who would have let June solve the problem for herself, confident or careless of her consistency, would not have been the son of his father, the unfrocked priest, made newly and morbidly conscious of the driving force of desire

* "The Morning's War." By C. E. Montague. 6s. (Methuen.)

—and of the unhuman abhorrence of the faithful for their traitors. It was for just this suppression that he was born and bred; it is just this suppression, in its turn, that produces the rapid drama of the last six chapters. And of these chapters two alone (XXIV. and XXVI.) would justify any means employed to make them. XXV. is the garden-scene where Aubrey plays Iscariot to desire. XXVI., trimmed and trowelled by a poisoned dagger snatched up hastily (and yet no instrument less humbly horrible could have done the work desired) is a breathless switchback from sunlight to the very swamps of death and up again to the topmost cairn of living. Aubrey, wounded mortally, learns from June's lips that her creed lies much nearer to his honest earth than he had dreamed; Aubrey, wounded mortally, in the moment of that discovery, defeats the creeping poison in his veins. We get, that is to say, the three most powerful forces in man's universe playing simultaneously upon these two perfect human instruments—and as chord curves after chord, interweaving and augmenting, the artist's utterance follows the mounting emotions infallibly till it soars at length, to hang sustained until the curtain softly completes it, into this unforgettable crescendo:

"He looked up at June. They had come through, unbroken; they had not squared fate; they had each kept pride clean, to bring to the other. And no poor life was ahead; romance had begun it; romance it would be; not the old fanfaronading romance of the cheering lists and the sun on the plumes—the trumpeting boy's paradise and the unassayed girl's—but romance strung afresh to the pitch of the grown strength of women and men, even of woman-and-man, the unmaimed unit, the two-chambered heart of the race, the twin-power-house of desire and will; the romance of new, harder, unpraised feats to do, of dark places to traverse without any fairy lamp in the hand, of glamourless risks to affront, of all the flintier flints that there were for steelier steel to strike the old fire from."

Even in isolation it is a passage that whips the mind. Reached in due order, at the close of the book, the clear resolution of its themes, it exerts, on the reader, an almost dedicatory power, pledging him to old virtues anew. For by that time the book's method has given him a clairvoyant consciousness of the transforming power of pure, glamourless sight: he has seen musty habitual things turned into marvels and splendours by the sheer honesty of the eye of the artist and the integrity of his uncompromising hand. It is another application of the main meaning of the tale. Integrity, in the story, wins a hard victory—and then finds that the prize of the conquest is the very gift it had longingly foregone, and that it could have been gained in no other way. And absolute integrity, in the workmanship, gains the very gorgeousness to which extravagance was supposed to be the only key. It is a wonderful book—this note on it is quite inadequate. I do not think I forget anything that nineteen-thirteen has given us—the new Wells, the new Galsworthy, "Androcles," "Sons and Lovers"—when I say that it seems to me the noblest work of imagination of the year: the wisest in conviction, the clearest in perception, the most scrupulous in aim, and, in technical accomplishment, immeasurably the most exacting and exquisite.

DIXON SCOTT.

IN LATIN AMERICA.*

Mr. Forrest has already illustrated at least one other book on adjacent regions; he is primarily an artist, and in this volume the very numerous drawings give an impression of wood-cuts. In books on tropical countries the rather glaring results of the three-colour process are sometimes much more appropriate than the average reader supposes; but when one comes to deal with buccaneers there is no comparison in the advantage of wood-cuts or pictures which resemble them. And the novelty of a whole book thus illustrated—and not in the inky-coloured pictures or with photographs—lends a great attraction to this volume. The whole of South America would, indeed, be too great for proper treatment in one book, and there are parts which Mr. Forrest merely skirts, and other parts which he omits altogether. Yet we must be grateful for what we receive. The chapters, for example, on Paraguay are singularly fascinating. "There is little life," he tells us, "in the rugged streets of Asuncion at any hour of the day in normal times, but during the early mornings, when a revolution is in progress, a few dogs, cats and fowls have undisturbed possession of the thoroughfares." Mr. Forrest makes no attempt at what is called "fine writing," but he continually interests us.

Mr. Putnam also refrains from attitudes. He describes what he saw during a brief but crowded tour of some of the Central American republics. This is a much shorter and slighter book than Mr. Forrest's. It covers in part the same ground as Mr. Frederick Palmer's "Central America," but it is an amusing chronicle. He tells us that since the Palmer interview, Manuel Estrada Cobrera, Guatemala's famous tyrant, has refused himself to such ordeals; but surely Mr. Putnam is wrong when he asserts that two attempts have been made upon Cobrera's life. We were told that sixty and six is more like the number. A great deal of ingenuity has to be displayed, because the President has for two years not been seen in public, and the knowledge of electrical contrivances, with which we hear some of the latest attempts have been made, is not yet sufficiently advanced in Guatemala. The tyrant has moulded himself upon Porfirio Diaz; it would have been interesting if his views on present Mexican affairs could be ascertained. The probability is that after Cobrera's death there will be an upheaval in his fertile but unhappy country, and that the Monroe doctrine will actively assert itself. In the Central American states either civilization is at such an ebb that one can only hope the Americans will speedily adopt them, or else, as in Salvador and especially Costa Rica, the civilization is more advanced, there is industry and prosperity, so that the interference of Uncle Sam will probably be much slighter, since his energetic sons will have fewer opportunities. By the way, there is a delightful account, from the lips of a Costa Rican lady, of how she was wooed and married by a "Mashar," that is to say, an American, though she had vowed never to have one of his restless nation. "Well, he sit near an' eat his soup. I see him look at me. I look again; he is not eat his meat. Next I look an' smile—*so* leetle. He does not eat his *enseleda*." Mr. Himmel, the patriarchal German, who fell from the sky on to Cornito years ago when there was no Cornito, and where now is one of Nicaragua's comparatively busy ports with a real wharf and so forth, is only one of the queer personages whom Mr. Putnam encountered. And since it is troublesome to visit Central America, and all books on those parts are pleasant reading, and likewise for its own modesty and merits, we are glad to have his souvenirs of travel. The illustrations, in this case, are from photographs, and include a view of the celebrated relief map at Guatemala City, and of the astounding Temple of Minerva, which the half-caste tyrant, with his severely classic taste, has presented to his countrymen.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

* "A Tour through South America." By A. S. Forrest. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)—"The Southland of North America." By George Palmer Putnam. 10s. net. (Putnam.)

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S NEW BOOK.*

Those of us who have found so many friends in Kate Douglas Wiggin's former books, will hasten to welcome this opportunity of meeting Waitstill Baxter, and the little group of people who are most nearly concerned in making-up her life. In her usual fresh and fascinating style—with its tenderness and power and delicious humour so skilfully blended—the author tells us the story of Waitstill; Waitstill, with the quaint name, beautiful face, and the undaunted courage, spending her girlhood's days cleaning, and scrubbing and sewing and baking, and looking after her father's farm, and mothering her step-sister, Patience. Their father, Deacon Baxter, whose "extraordinary, unbelievable, colossal meanness" is common talk in the village, has a farm at the top of Town

* "The Story of Waitstill Baxter." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

House Hill, and a stores shop at the bottom by the Edgewood Bridge that crosses the Saco River. The first short chapter of the book is a little gem of descriptive work, deftly placing before our mind's eye the scenes and times among which Waitstill is presently to move. There is a wonderful sense of time and space conveyed in these opening pages of the story, as they tell of the varied sights and scenes that the river has witnessed in its journey from its source in the granite hills of New Hampshire, through vales and fragrant brakes and woods, flowing on its way under the Edgewood Bridge watching and listening, then hurrying on towards the sea with its story of to-day that will sometime be the history of yesterday. Deacon Baxter has married and buried three wives, for his bullying and nagging and meanness make it well-nigh impossible for anyone to stand him for long. Waitstill is the daughter by his second wife, and Patience the daughter by his third wife—who has been dead some seven years when Waitstill reaches her twenty-first year. "You've got more courage than ever I had," the third Mrs. Baxter said on her deathbed, to the weeping Waitstill: "Don't you s'pose you can stiffen up and defend yourself a little mite? . . . Your father ought to be opposed, for his own good . . . but I've never seen anybody that dared do it." The step-sisters are devoted to each other, and gay seventeen-year-old Patience is all impatient for laughter and girlish pleasure of which she gets hardly any at all. But Deacon Baxter's opinion of girls in general, and his daughters in particular, is very poor. "I never saw anything like tha girls nowadays," he says: "Highty-tighty, flauntin', traipsin', triflin' trollops, ev'ry one of 'em, that's what they are." The story has a strong love interest, and the book is full of delightful character studies. We wait anxiously, longing for someone to "oppose" Deacon Baxter, and at length—but it is all so good and so enjoyable that it is not fair to Waitstill, nor the Deacon, to say nothing of the author or the reader, to "tell what happens in the end." One who has read and enjoyed the book from beginning to end can only advise those less fortunate to get a copy of "Waitstill Baxter" at the earliest possible moment.

THE NEW MAN.*

Nowadays the publisher considerately offers upon the wrapper of his book a concise resumé of what the reader ought to discover within. Most people like a lead; even the critic sometimes finds it useful. We are informed that in this book Mr. Gibbs "presents a very intimate psychological study of a new type in English life . . . reveals under his searchlight the new problems which have arisen among us owing to the temperament of this type, in its relation with women, in its home life, and in its moral attitude. He devotes a chapter to the Education of the New Man". . . and he searches the soul of his type in a study called "The Religion of the New Man." . . . "The book . . . is a graphic portrayal of many phases of modern life as seen by a journalist. . . . It is instructive and challenging . . ."

There is really a great deal of truth in this attractive declaration. The book is "challenging," though it is not, to my mind, quite so "instructive." A chapter is "devoted" to the Education of the New Man, and the book is written by a "graphic journalist." Now that is just the trouble with it. It contains swift flashes of brilliancy, but it is just graphic journalism embroidered upon some well-stated generalisations. And the opinions set forth in the book are not unified, they preserve a general point of view, but the sections seem to have been written more to develop the theme of each separately than with relation to the plan of the whole volume. The result is that there appears to be a great deal more significance in each section than in the book as a whole. But it is good reading, witty and crisp. Mr. Gibbs thinks England is changing very greatly, and on the whole, one gathers, changing for the worse. The summing up is contained in a query: "Is it possible that out of all this new tenderness and sensibility, out of all this seething turmoil of unsatisfied desires, . . . this rebellion against authority and discipline, . . . there may be evolved another Nation, built upon a wiser, better scheme of things . . .?" and in the answer, "Yes, by miracle. . . . but otherwise we must expect all this discontent with life, all this feverish quest of pleasure, all this shirking of discipline and duty, will lead to some great national disaster which will shock us to the very foundations of our social system." But is there no hope, Mr. Gibbs? Yes, the New Boy may save us. The Boy Scout is our one hope. "If *he* fails us we are finished." So ends a lively, readable book, a very excellent piece of "graphic journalism."

F. M. A.

* "The New Man: A Portrait Study of the Latest Type." By Philip Gibbs. 3s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

A PICTURE OF RUSSIA.*

We all know the usual polite Academy pictures—the landscapes that resemble a railway company's advertisements, or (in Mr. Shaw's lively words) the familiar portraits of masters of hounds, in cheerfully unmistakable pink coats, mounted on bright chestnut horses. No one would dream of associating them with any serious revelation of truth or criticism of life. They are merely pictures of what comfortable, well-fed people like to imagine that life is like. They belong to the land where it is always after dinner, and the artist — playwright, painter, poet, or historian—who produces them prettily enough is sure of all the patronage that Bayswater can bestow.

The Academy picture has its equivalent among books, and especially among books describing the life of foreign countries. The comfortable citizen demands that his illusions shall be respected in politics, in history, and even in geography. In particular he demands that Russia shall be shown him as the Russia of his imagination, fond or otherwise. He is not sure about Germany. Germany is too new yet to have made a fixed impression; but Russia—everybody knows what Russia is like! Mr. Alexinsky is not out to preserve such illusions in this present volume. Indeed, he does not concern himself with illusions of any kind, his business being solely to tell the story of his country in such a way as will clearly inform the intelligent foreigner what the Russia of to-day is like in all its aspects. He has succeeded completely, and his book is a model of its kind. It is more than informing: it is fascinating; and it should do much to evict the academic or melodramatic Russia from the British popular mind.

Russia has always lent itself to the unreal, sophisticated picture, because, though with us in Europe, it is not of us; it is all so strange and bizarre, with the glitter of uniformed autocracy against a background of fur-clad sleigh-drivers, snowy streets, and coloured churches that look like mosques. True, there is the other side: there is the Nihilist, the knout, and Siberia; but even these grim facts are, to the general Englishman, merely properties or a change of scene in a melodrama, as much a part of the illusion as a beautiful virgin martyr and a handsome pagan lover in a story of first-century Rome. The real picture of Russia, as the readers of Mr. Alexinsky's closing section on literature will be reminded, is that moving picture to which the great Russian writers have all contributed something. We have already dwelt, ourselves, in these columns, upon the peculiar interpretative power of the Russian artists, and Londoners have had, in the recent Russian opera season, yet another glimpse of this national revelation. Such a work as Moussorgsky's "La Khovantchina" could have come from no country but Russia. It is genuine autochthonous art, the product of purely Russian emotions and conditions, and wholly impatient of that kind of transmutation that enables the amorous tenor in Verdi's "Ballo im Maschera" to be called indifferently Gustavus III., or the Count of Warwick, or the Duke of Olivares, and the

* "Modern Russia." By Gregor Alexinsky. Translated by Bernard Miall. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

scene to be placed, as the manager wills, in Naples or Boston or Madrid. We do not wish to make any comparisons that are unkind or unfair; but when we turn from this interpretation of Russia by means of a Russian story in Russian words set to Russian music, to find some British story in British music interpreting the spirit of Britain, our memories encounter nothing but the "Children of Don"; and, oh! the difference to us!

Obviously a country that has this intense nationality deserves more than casual study, and intelligent people will be glad of such a book as the present, which gives them the facts that the artists leave out. Statistics, however startling, are not properly dramatic, and though they may be as true as a proposition of Euclid, they do not belong to the order of truth with which poetry is concerned. Mr. Alexinsky, in one sense, handles his facts as if they were fictions, for no one could desire to read a volume with more varied and sustained interest. He presents a real, vital, unsophisticated Russia, not a polished Academy composition, with the even lights and the swept and garnished air of the studio. Not, indeed, that he sets out to make our flesh creep. His book is not a manifesto. He conceals nothing, but he sets nothing down in malice, as we shall presently illustrate. He deals with facts; and his knowledge and literary skill are so happily combined that the book is both an indispensable encyclopædia and a collection of vastly readable essays.

It is history and criticism in one—as all good history must be. A hundred pages of introduction makes the reader clearly acquainted with the general course of Russian development, and the author then passes to a well-arranged review of the existing institutions and conditions, closing with a sketch of modern Russian literature and its illustrations of Russian life. The book is so thoroughly up-to-date as to include a reference to the shooting of the workmen in the northern gold-mines, and so comprehensive as to include all phases of public activity; yet nothing could be more unlike a dull, professorial treatise, on the one hand, or a lurid journalistic sketch on the other.

That it is an illuminating commentary upon all the allusions of Russian literature and journalism is to be expected; but it illustrates other matters of general interest, not specifically Russian. When haughty young gentlemen preach to us about the revival of aristocracy and the necessity of keeping the herd in subjection, it may be worth our while to recall the conditions of Russian life in the mid-nineteenth century, when a benevolent aristocracy could exhibit all its qualities of superiority without let or hindrance. Perhaps, some day, we too may emerge upon the higher plane of herd-control, and be able to solve the servant problem as one proprietor did in 1852, by keeping a peasant woman chained for five years to a post in the kitchen; or to amuse ourselves, as a certain Prince did in 1850, by playing billiards with his friends while, as a sort of side-show, a young girl was whipped before the other female serfs, until the last sacraments had to be administered. Mr. Alexinsky is so far from taking sides that, after several pages of horrors, from which we have selected merely the first two examples in order, he proceeds to point out calmly the value of serfdom in certain aspects of Russian development. We cannot pretend to that degree of disinterestedness, but we are glad to be able to read his examples. "Aristocracy" and "the herd" are large and vague abstractions. It is well to have glimpses of these aspirations translated into crude fact.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN AMERICA.*

Characteristically English and delightfully womanly is this frank, breezy, breathless, inconsequent commentary on the America of 1913. Mrs. Alec. Tweedie tells us in her Preface that she has "purposely not read any book on America by anyone, not even by Dickens." That was a good plan, probably. She was able thus to see things more clearly for herself and to talk about them more freshly and naturally. Now that her book is written and published, however, it might divert her to compare it with the books of some of her predecessors in this field of literature: with Mr. J. F. Muirhead's, for instance, "The Land of the Dollar," and Mr. William Archer's, "America To-day." These two volumes, published ten or twelve years ago, offer a peculiarly piquant contrast to her methods. Whereas Mrs. Alec. Tweedie, like the lady in "The Egoist," throws out her remarks "for apprehension, not dissection," these two accurate and analytical Scotsmen will not be found to have penned a sentence by which they could take their stand in the witness-box. Logical, judicial, large-minded, and in a drily humorous way epigrammatic, they show themselves (in the best sense of the word) as masculine as Mrs. Alec. Tweedie, in her exuberant, impressionable, irresponsible way, is feminine. Whereas they are skilled and careful writers, who probably, like most men of letters, are less effective in speech, she strikes one as the born conversationalist—the arch-type of the agreeable rattle. Her book is one long, voluble, extraordinarily animated monologue. It is very easy and pleasant reading, but one feels that it would be pleasanter still *vivâ voce*, with an accompaniment of infectious laughter. One has seen Mr. Archer's austere features relax, and one can imagine a twinkle in Mr. Muirhead's eye, but their books do not make us picture them, like Mrs. Alec. Tweedie, laughing infectiously.

Would her American readers catch the infection? It would be very interesting to know. If they did, if they showed a real, hearty enjoyment of all her observations and reflections, she would owe it to them to re-consider her principal verdict upon them, reiterated throughout the

* "America as I Saw it." By Mrs. Alec. Tweedie. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The Niagara Falls—Summer.

From "America as I Saw It," by Mrs. Alec. Tweedie (Hutchinson).

volume and expressed with all the emphasis of capitals as the last line of the last page—thus:

"HYPERSENSITIVENESS IS THE AMERICAN SIN."

For really, with all her genuine admiration for some aspects of the country and the people, she does manage to administer a wonderful number and variety of sharp pin-pricks! "I love America," she tells us, "her women, her oysters, her grape-fruit, her roses, her express elevators, and her quaint ways; her eager life, her kindness to the stranger within her gates, and—dare I say it?—her serene satisfaction with all and everything American." Dare she say, it indeed! Some of her Transatlantic readers will hold that she would dare to say anything! She dares to say that "American hustle is a myth"; that in reality the Americans "show their slowness by not understanding how slow they are"; that the American people are literally fed on headlines "which suggest nothing but insanity and criminality"; that "America is not only the country of conventionality, but the country of fads." And here is a little example of what George du Maurier used to call "feline amenity" which perhaps will prove an even more trying test for the good humour of one section of her audience: "American women are delightfully entertaining, they talk all the time about their interests, their families, their homes, their aspirations—so all one has to do is to sit and listen."

But faithful are the wounds of a friend, and throughout the greater portion of her book Mrs. Alec. Tweedie shows herself an affectionate and enthusiastic friend of her late hosts and hostesses. Did space permit, many cordial tributes to their charms and virtues might be quoted to counterbalance the above asperities. It is a book put together at odd moments, its author herself tells us, "often at lightning speed and under all sorts of circumstances and conditions." Naturally, it reflects the varying moods in which it was written, but they are for the most part the happy moods of a woman overflowing with vitality, interested in everything, and making friends with everybody. Not every English visitor to the New World could have established cordial relations with men so different as Edison, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Carnegie, and Mr. Bryce? She has interesting things to tell of them all. She asked a darkie once what he thought of Mr. Roosevelt. "I never knew any man make so many soapsuds and do so little washing," was the reply. To sum up: a very entertaining and stimulating book by a very English Englishwoman—a woman so English that if she lived in America for a hundred years she would not be assimilated by that "Land of Assimilation."

FREDERIC WHYTE.

THE SOUL OF A SUFFRAGETTE.*

Seven stories, mostly quiet in tone but curiously natural and, to use a much abused term, real, make up Mr. W. L. Courtney's new volume. Most of the stories are suggested by a subject in which the author is, it would seem, keenly interested, though in one of them he expresses something like despair as to a mere man ever being able to deal adequately with that subject—the psychology of women. "No man of experience will ever say that he understands women. They are infinitely diverse, remember, as compared with men, who are, for the most part, alike." This we are explicitly told in the second story, "It Once Might Have Been"; but the idea underlies many of the episodes presented in musing analytical fashion. In the opening sketch we see a girl joining the modern army of martyrs, giving herself up fanatically to the cause which she has espoused, refusing the love which has come her way that she may prove herself worthy of that cause. She obeys the orders of headquarters, is sentenced to two years' hard labour, and leaves prison with nothing more than the pitiful career of a chronic invalid to which to look forward. Mr. Courtney presents the simple story with something of the style of dignified tragedy, and muses over it in a philosophical spirit that is as far removed from "anti" intolerance as it is from "pro" fanaticism: "There is much waste in Nature and in Life. Wastefulness is indeed Nature's characteristic method in carrying out her evolutionary processes. Just as she squanders hundreds of acorns in order to produce a single oak, so, too, many human lives are sacrificed in the effort to secure an isolated reform. Who shall say, therefore, that fanatics are wrong or martyrs thrown away, in the great processes whereby Humanity or the Immanent Will works out its obscure destinies?" The understanding sympathy which underlies this is a characteristic of each of the stories; of those which successively tell of the actress who feels that she has sacrificed her art in her marriage; of the suffering victim of man's inhumanity to woman; of the lonely vicar happy in a sudden death, before the deterioration of which he is aware has become obvious; of the devoted Breton girl who gives herself in a Faust-like bargain that her English lover may win the success he covets. Though there is tragedy—not always of that sudden-death kind popularly understood by the term—in several of the stories, the general effect is that of a quiet reality, psychological rather than merely descriptive, and the whole book is one that will be read with interest—and remembered.

* "The Soul of a Suffragette, and other Stories." By W. L. Courtney. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

FOLIAGE.*

The first, and almost the best, poem in his new book tells us something of Mr. Davies' way of work:

"My mind has thunderstorms,
That brood for heavy hours:
Until they rain me words,
My thoughts are drooping flowers
And sulking, silent birds.

"Yet come, dark thunderstorms,
And brood your heavy hours;
For when you rain me words,
My thoughts are dancing flowers
And joyful singing birds."

Other pieces in the book must have come to the poet midway between two thunderstorms. They do not lack a line or a verse good enough to excuse the poet's error in admitting them; such is the last verse of "A May Morning":

"I see no Christ
Nailed on a tree,
Dying for sin;
No sin I see:
No thoughts for sadness,
All thoughts for gladness."

but they abound in the faults to which Mr. Davies is peculiarly liable. Thus the charming poem that opens:

"Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-Content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent:
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep. . . ."

is lowered somewhat by the dulness and commonness of the phrase, "as far as eyes can go," and the dulness and looseness of two lines in his defence of "Sweet Well-Content, sweet Love-One-Place":

"For thou hast made more homely stuff
Nurture thy gentle self enough. . . ."

Mr. Davies can be plain without being common, and loose yet expressive at the same time, but one who knew him only from this book might doubt it. There are too many lame or tame things like

"That Pleasure life wakes stale at morn,"

and

"So will our love's root still be strong
When others think the leaves go wrong";

too many places where the simplicity comes down to saying that in spring the birds "would rather sing than

* "Foliage." Various Poems by William A. Davies. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

eat" and the sheep "would rather bleat"; where the conceits are merely conceits, as in

"The stars in ambush lie all day,
To take her glances for the night;"

where I am not glad to meet for a second or third time the idea of a nightingale singing amidst thunder, a duchess bathing in milk, a blind man finding his way in fog, a homeless man stirred by an organ, the softness and warmth of a woman's hair, and

"There's no true joy in gold,
It breeds desire for more."

I do not suggest that Mr. Davies should try to remedy these things. He is free to be as plain, as loose, as conceited, as extravagant, as his Maker likes. We must be patient while he writes like this:

"Man is a bird:
Eagles from mountain crag
Swooped down to prove his worth;
But *now* they *rise* to drag
Him down from Heaven to earth!"

For in the past this freedom has been one of his great advantages, and when his imagination was strongly moved it led him to some of the purest poetry. There is no reason to doubt that this will happen again. Several of the poems here would have been delightful had they not been echoes of more beautiful things in his other volumes.

Twice Mr. Davies has paused in his career, but this pause is less than the first, which was in "New Poems," and it need give anxiety neither to him nor to his admirers.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE DAFFODIL FIELDS.*

Mr. Masefield has now published four of those narrative poems which have not only brought him the recognition he had long deserved, but also helped to give poetry a vogue unprecedented in recent years. But as their number increases, it becomes no easier to pass adequate judgment on them. One ever lives in hope that the next example will either be a triumphant vindication of the method, or else justify the conservatism which hankers to condemn it as incapable of achieving that highest excellence.

Our suspense started with "The Everlasting Mercy." "The Widow in the Bye Street" was easily the best of the four, and may well take its place among the finest of English narrative poems. But even that did not quite carry our critical defences by storm as, considering the largeness and poignancy of its theme, it should have done. Nor did "Dauber," though it had unique excellences, settle the question. "The Daffodil Fields" leaves us still undecided.

Is it, one is bound to ask, that the poetry of democracy cannot rise above a certain level? For these poems may fairly be called democratic, not only because they deal with the annals of the poor—neither so short nor so simple as were dreamt of in the academic philosophy of Gray—but because they are written in a language and a spirit which can be appreciated without any special training or tradition, and should appeal to all not prejudiced against the art by its old exclusiveness. Hitherto most poetry dealing with humble life, Wordsworth's, Tennyson's, almost all, except Burns's, since the Middle Ages, has, however sympathetic, had exactly that implication of insult which exists in slumming and rescue work. Fortunately we are outgrowing that spirit. We begin to recognise that superiority and inferiority reside in individuals rather than classes. The way, therefore, is open for art of a more universal appeal. There is nothing wrong with poetry because it does not address itself to a specially prepared audience. The age is democratic, and its art will not be vital unless it is democratic too. If we have not yet had the great poet of democracy, we may hope with some confidence that he is to come.

Why Mr. Masefield is not that poet is simply—so far as one can judge at present—that he is incapable of being so.

* "The Daffodil Fields." By John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Photo by Hoppé. **Mr. W. L. Courtney,**
whose book of short stories, "The Soul of a Suffragette" (Chapman and Hall) is reviewed on page 120.

He lacks certain great qualities, and chiefly the well-knit strength which compels acceptance. There is a prolixity, sometimes a flaccidity, in his work which weakens its reality. It is rather futile to suggest that one poet's work were better done in the style of another whose habits of thought and of writing are entirely different. One realises that Mr. Masefield needs space to get his effect of slow-moving time; but it is difficult to avoid considering what Mr. Hardy, in a few grim pages, would have made of one of his themes, or how "The Daffodil Fields" and "The Everlasting Mercy" would have profited if their author's more molten imagination had been tempered by a little of the dry restraint of Mr. Wilfred Wilson Gibson.

It shows of what real significance Mr. Masefield's work is, that in reviewing it one instinctively finds it wanting by the highest standard rather than adequate by any lower; and that one is so readily drawn from the particular work in question to an estimate of his general achievement. "The Daffodil Fields" has the lyric beauty and dramatic poignancy of its predecessors. The recurrence of that special beauty of nature which gives the poem its name recalls the recurrence of the sea in Swinburne's poetry. There are fine passages of description, and a yearling bull stands out as the most artistically presented of all the characters; as one having, moreover, a significance in the plot. The stanzas which describe his arrival among the cattle of the Plate River are a good example of Mr. Masefield's vigorous draughtsmanship:

"There Lion landed with the bull, and there
The great beast raised his head and bellowed loud,
Challenging that expanse and that new air;
Trembling, but full of wrath and thunder-browed,
Far from the daffodil fields and friends, but proud,
His wild eye kindled at the great expanse.
Two scraps of Shropshire life they stood there; their advance

Was slow along the well-grassed cattle land,
But at the last an end was made; the brute
Ate his last bread-crust from his master's hand,
And snuffed the foreign herd and stamped his foot;
Steers on the swelling ranges gave salute.
The great bull bellowed back and Lion turned. . . ."

The weakness of "The Daffodil Fields" is its ending. Mr. Masefield has sacrificed tragic reality to the show of tragedy. The modern discovery that inconclusive endings can be effective is liable to abuse. Tragedy has still room for climax. But the climax of "The Daffodil Fields" is too drastic. Neither reciprocal slaughter, nor sudden death from heart-break, are easily made convincing. And here it would have been possible and desirable to dispense with both. Surely the death of Michael alone would have been sufficient. Lion and Mary should have been left to a more deliberate fate. Mr. Masefield has allowed himself to be carried away by the idea of red death and white death among the green and gold of the daffodils. He has, therefore, attained to a rather spurious picturesqueness at the expense of the verisimilitude which the treatment of the poem as a whole demanded.

The superiority of "The Widow in the Bye Street" lies in the fact that the poem gradually rises, in an inevitable way, to a great height of beauty. In "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Daffodil Fields," the author seems to have been determined to reach equal heights at all costs. The consequence is a sudden change of level which jars, destroying one's sense of security in the truth of what one is reading. Yet that there are truth and beauty in everything which Mr. Masefield writes, is a truism.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

Novel Notes.

THE FOOL'S TRAGEDY. By A. Scott Craven. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

To take so complex a character as Wilfred Dodgson Cherry, to make him the central figure of a story into which he brings so much misery to himself and others through his unfortunate temperament, and yet to keep a share of the reader's sympathy alive for this man, is certainly an achievement. The author's large-hearted tolerance and sympathy and keen insight into human nature enable him to portray realistically the many and varied types of people that are concerned in the plot of the story. Had Mr. Scott Craven evinced even a whit more sympathy with Cherry the effect would have been to alienate much of the reader's sympathy with this egotistical, introspective character. When the story opens Cherry is grinding out a monotonous existence as a clerk in the packing room of a firm of city publishers. He "remembered that a woman friend had once congratulated him on having to work in a publishing firm, which, the good soul declared, must be perfectly heavenly for a bookworm like himself. He would have preferred to have given his services to a linendraper, a condition which at least would not have shattered so many illusions. He had lost all respect for books since he had seen them in the making; the charm was a deception; their elegance but the product of man's fancy draping them in false colours. In reality they were just one more excrescence of the poisonous commercialism which hung like a loathsome vapour over the whole city." He is not happy in his married life: his wife, Josie—witty, critical, cynical, contemptuous—has lost all patience with his high-flown ideas, and his inability to cope with their poverty. Poor Josie! The finest character in the book is Russell Fenton, an old college chum of Cherry's. Mr. Scott Craven has a fascinating, vivid style, and this and his admirable handling of a story so full of human interest, make "The Fool's Tragedy," a novel that should prove a decided success.

THE ALLINSON HONOUR. By Harold Bindloss. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Owing to the machinations of a scoundrelly brother-in-law, Andrew Allinson has gained an undeserved reputation for stupidity. Nobody has ever questioned his honesty, which indeed must be patent to everybody who meets him; but, nevertheless, the business of which he is nominally the head takes rather too risky a line on several occasions and is now embarking on the promotion of a Canadian gold-mine, which is never likely to pay any, but a few interested persons. Unfortunately for himself, the villain underrates Andrew's intelligence, and allows him to go out to Canada on a journey of inspection. The hero discovers the true state of affairs fairly quickly, and incidentally falls in love with a girl of rather stereotyped Western charm. Returning to England he puts matters on a proper basis and gets rid of his brother-in-law, afterwards, of course, marrying his Canadian. . . . There is the plot, which is one of the least of the attractions of a particularly taking novel. But Mr. Bindloss does this sort of thing so well, and rings the changes so deftly, that he may be pardoned for a lack of originality in a story which, in truthful, unexaggerated characterisation and freshness and abundance of incident is at least the equal of any other book he has written. In fact, "The Allinson Honour" is another of those pleasant, wholesome, and very readable novels that we have grown to expect from Mr. Bindloss.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SEA. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Stacpoole's finely-designed romances are always good in themselves, but they gain incalculably from his individual way of presenting them. He never fails to create an atmosphere which pervades the entire story to a degree that few writers attain, and he has never been more successful in this respect than in his latest novel. With Japan and Iceland for settings, he has given additional proof of his powers by mingling with perfect effect the subtle charm of the first with an account of the operations of a cable-ship off the Japanese coast, and in weaving in as a background, for a story of love and industry among its simple people, the elusive spirit of Iceland and the glamour of the sea. Interest is concentrated upon a gigantic Icelander, named Ericsson, the chief buoy hand on the cable ship. A notorious philanderer, he has an affair with a Japanese girl during shore operations, which ends in a mysteriously disastrous manner. Ericsson is about to leave the girl's house, when, lighting his pipe, he sees her face: "He stared at her for one terrific moment. Then, dropping the match, he fled screaming from the house." The cumulative horror of this scene is admirably brought out, though the reader is left ignorant of its cause. When the ship is paid off, Ericsson, a changed man, returns to Iceland with his bosom-friend, Magnuss. There the two men set up in the fishing industry in Magnuss's native town in opposition to the tyrannical Gudmundsson, who, in addition to cornering the industry of the town, has become affianced to Schwalla, the girl whom Magnuss had hoped to win as his bride. Under the masterful direction of Ericsson the business thrives, the climax of success coming when Schwalla breaks with Gudmundsson and accepts Ericsson. Then, with shuddering suddenness comes the tragedy, the poignancy of which is sharpened by its loathsome character. The story ends with an act of splendid heroism on the part of Schwalla. Into the telling of this romance the author

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole.

has put some of his finest work, charging it with beauty, colour and primitive emotion in such a way that the artistic balance of romance and reality is steadily maintained. The ending is on a high plane, and should secure for Schwalla's act a niche among the great deeds in fiction.

A TRAP TO CATCH A DREAM. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a fairy tale of Ferdinand and Miranda and an island in the colourful South Seas. Ferdinand is a young English lordling, who has been sowing a pretty crop of Parisian wild oats, when his father dies leaving him a title and a broken estate. Two sober younger brothers start with him on a voyage of regeneration, and Ferdinand —otherwise Lord Pepprill—is cast away on a charming island. Naturally Miranda is provided for him, and Prospero, in the shape of a delicious French girl, Susette, and her father, an exiled marquis living an idyllic life on the island in a charming house. Their only companion has been a Chinese factotum, and as he has just left them Ferdinand takes up the household tasks friendly fashion and shares them with Miranda. Of course, Ferdinand falls in love with Miranda—full fathom five or more; and equally Miranda with Ferdinand, same as Shakespeare said. Only that would be too straightaway for the twentieth century, so Miranda backs and shies and is a tease. The situation lasts a long time; just how long is difficult to decide, but nine years is the most definite note of time given us, though it seems extraordinary. Prospero dies, confiding Miranda to Ferdinand, and confiding to him also his true history. No banished duke is he, nor marquis nor belted earl—just a bolted banker; and Miranda must never know. Off go Ferdinand and Miranda to Paris, to be brother and sister—yes, even when they are married. They share a flat, but don't get married for some months, and chance brings upon them Prospero's accomplices, who had done time for the money Prospero had got away with, the money on which Ferdinand and Miranda had been living. Ferdinand pays back what is left, goes over to England, claims his inheritance, which in his absence has prospered amazingly, hurries back to Paris to Miranda, who now loves him in a proper wifely way, and they get married and start to live happy ever afterwards. The story is very light and sugar sweet; all the people are trumps; there is no Caliban; all is sunshine and bright limpid colour, tropical flowers and birds and fishes; the people seem to be playing, with much zest, nice parts in well rehearsed amateur theatricals; and, in fine, the book is a delicious friviality, that will captivate the hearts of innumerable readers.

LOVE IN THE HILLS. By F. E. Penny. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

This story deals picturesquely and effectively with life in and round one of the hill stations of India. The author's powers of description do full justice to the beauty and grandeur of the Nilgiri Hills which form a charming background for the wooing of Nonia Armscote by her lover, Captain Warborough. Mystery envelops both these people. Nonia is a girl with a husband packed away in her past, while the Captain's mission in this quarter of India is concerned with other game than the taking of cinema pictures. The arrival on the scene of Nonia's questionable husband, Pensax, a political spy masquerading as a prospector for gold, carries the plot to its climax, which centres round the legality of Nonia's unfortunate marriage with Pensax. There are many good things in "Love and the Hills;" a vivid description of a storm in the mountains is one of them; the author cleverly utilising the fury of the elements to accentuate the sharply-drawn characters of Pensax and Warborough.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME. By John Trevena. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Really a condemnation of the conditions under which the agricultural labourer is forced to live and work in England, and an indictment of the Irishman's incapacity, Mr. Trevena manages to wrap his sermon up in such a cover of whimsical fancy, topical allusion, and crowd his stage with so many quaint characters, that we have not time to notice the pill for the jam. David Byrne, poet, herald of revolt, anarchist and traitor, descends upon Priorton, Devonshire, in response to a letter from Amy, one of the Prior twins, with whom he claims a wholly fictitious relationship. He soon has the village in a state of ferment. Aghast at the squalor and horror of Tumbles, where live the Prior labourers, he builds a hut, Australian fashion, in total disregard of all regulations, in order to show the council and the landowners that his clay-covered log cabin with its earth floor is stronger and more habitable than their so-called houses. The Radical vicar, the harlequin curate, Montmorenci, player of innumerable parts, not the least amusing being that of Father Cockayne the ardent Irish conspirator, and Mr. Prior, with his lust for slaughter, making the twin Bobby miserable by perpetually compelling him to carry cartridges and pick up corpses, are happy conceptions. The author evidently believes with the Rev. Adalbert Montmorenci that Ulster hates the rest of Ireland more than she loves England. The lesson of the last half of the book is summed up in the words of the Ballycastle car driver: "It's easy to get on in Ireland if you don't fight. That's the trouble with men of this country; they put fighting before work. That's what makes 'em good soldiers and bad citizens. If you want to get on you must keep clear of politics. I don't belong to any party. What's the use? One promises you the moon, and t'other the sun, and if they thought 'twould help to win an election they'd throw in the stars as well."

DEGARMO'S WIFE AND OTHER STORIES. By David Graham Phillips. 6s. (Appleton.)

This volume, one out of many, proves Mr. Phillips a thoroughly competent craftsman. The stories are of fashionable wealthy Americans, and show us once more the littleness and vulgarity of their lives. The views that the characters express are often revolting to commonplace English people. The book has little romance about it. "Degarmo's Wife" recounts how a somewhat vain wealthy man marries a young enthusiast, whom he imagines he will easily subjugate to his will; her experience teaches her diplomacy; the husband gradually more clearly realises his wife's attractions, falls genuinely in love, and finally their lives become contented, happy and useful. "Enid" imagines herself a romantic heroine with high ideals, which are choked by a commonplace husband; husband and wife speak frankly to each other; she is amazed to find that he, too, has become bored. They agree to avoid scandal, and find gradually that they have come to require each other's company, they grow content, and almost fall in love again. About the last story—which redeems the book from the commonplace—there is a certain romantic atmosphere; a young girl fresh from the convent falls in love with a man of the world forty-five years old, who is obliged to admit that he is no longer capable of love.

AN INNOCENT JUDAS. By Charles Procter. 6s. (Heath, Cranton & Ouseley.)

Marion Lancaster was the daughter of an "eccentric social reformer" in Manchester, who died leaving her with nothing to live on except her wits. Raeburn Chesterton, M.P., a young politician with overweening ambition, and a newly-appointed Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, comes down to see Marion soon after her father's death, and is only prevented from proposing to her by the thought that she has neither wealth nor position. Marion's solicitor finds her a post as secretary to an aunt who is a busy London journalist. Raeburn discovers Marion in London, and throwing discretion to the winds, proposes to her in real earnest, and is accepted. In the flush of excitement Raeburn tells her of his prospects, and incidentally reveals a great Cabinet secret. When Marion's aunt hears of Raeburn's visit she slyly becomes possessed of the secret, and murmuring to herself "a scoop," she proceeds post-

haste to Fleet Street and profits by the errors of the "innocent Judas." When Marion Lancaster understands the enormity of her crime, she leaves her aunt's employ and finds work with Mark Sampson, a novelist, who lives a charming life in "digs" with six artists, a press photographer and an elderly housekeeper. Marion is a great addition to the circle, and eventually rejects two offers of marriage because she still loves Raeburn Chesterton, who lays at her door the ruination of his career. Needless to say, when all is known, all is forgiven, and Marion and her lover are left in each other's arms.

GUARDIAN ANGELS. By Marcel Prevost. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

This is not a book for all readers and not one that it is easy to criticise. It is admirably written; brilliantly clever; certainly interesting, and as certainly true to the life it pictures, but the life it pictures is the sort of thing many of us have decided that nobody ought to read about, or to write about. There is something to be said for that decision, and something to be said on the other side. Whether we like it or not, the ugly facts of life have got to be faced, and we shall never alter them until we face them frankly and are no longer afraid of them. Except for Guy and the little Yvonne, and the trusting, deceived wives of the Baron d'Anay and the French Under-Secretary Croze, and the pitifully simple little governess Rosalie, there is scarcely a likeable or decent person in the book. Yet for the mature, sane reader "Guardian Angels" is an almost terribly moral story—as terribly moral as the mercilessly realistic drawings of Hogarth, and most of the sinners in it have to pay in bankruptcy, disgrace, shattered ambitions and even death for their pleasant sinnings. But they do not pay the full price out of their own pockets. That is always the sorry meanness of the game. It might be well enough to say courageously, "Well, I have been a fool, but I have paid for it!" if the innocent friends and relatives of the sinner were not forced, as M. Prevost shows they are, to contribute a share, and the lion's share, of the price. That rubs the bloom off the gallantry of the affair and makes it merely shabby. The moral of "Guardian Angels," according to one of the characters, is that foreign governesses should not be employed in French families, for a German governess, an Italian and an English one are at the root of nearly all the vice, mischief and misery with which the story is concerned; but the larger, more obvious moral is that, putting higher considerations aside, in the plainest, most practical sense, morality, like honesty, is the best policy. There is no preaching; the whole thing is written lightly and with a shrewd satirical humour, but it makes you realise that the gay life is a draggled and, a weary and a sad one before you get to the end of it.

NOTWITHSTANDING. By Mary Cholmondeley. 6s. net. (John Murray.)

At the outset the adventures of Annette towards happiness with the man of her choice threatened to drag, but the authoress has the gift of making us forget defects, and in the end we find ourselves thoroughly under the spell of her narrative. Annette has been brought up by three maiden aunts in London, Aunt Maria, a popular novelist, Aunt Harriet, a Christian Scientist, and Aunt Catherine, the only practical one of the family, who surreptitiously takes her niece to concerts and secretly encourages her desire to become a singer. When twenty-one, Annette joins her father, a courier and publican, in Paris, but here she meets with disillusionment, for he endeavours to sell her, first to a musician, and then to an English gentleman. Escaping from these dangers she is about to throw herself into the Seine, but is prevented by Dick Le Qeyt, an English landowner, jockey, gambler, drunkard, and spendthrift. They go to Fontainebleau together, and here Dick is fatally stricken. Annette nurses him until his relations arrive, and then vanishes, but not before witnessing a will in which Dick leaves the bulk of the family estates to Roger Manvers, his cousin and agent. The life of Riff, in Lowshire, where the larger number of the scenes are laid, with its dullness and gossip, is vividly touched on. Roger Manvers is a fine specimen of the country gentleman, in love with every inch of the land, and anxious only to do his duty to it and the people. A pathetic figure is Lady Louisa Manvers, Dick's mother, weighed down by anxiety to secure the heritage for her idiot second son, and a particularly grim episode is that where, paralysed and helpless, she lies and listens to Harry's nurse telling how she married him. The barriers between Roger and Annette are ingeniously demolished.

THE PERFECT WIFE. By Joseph Keating. 6s. (Heinemann.)

If Julie Carlish is to be accepted as a true type of the perfect wife, then it is much more amusing to read about her than to marry her. Julie was a very nice young person; that is what made it so hard for her husband; but she was very jealous and exacting, and not easily placated once her jealousy was aroused. Three months after Roddy Carlish had married her, they were giving a housewarming, and among the invited guests was Hattie Deverell, and it was Hattie who caused all the mischief. She was a friend of Julie's, and an old flame of Roddy's, and, though she had never really expected him to marry her, was a little resentful that he should have thrown her over and made Julie his wife. She resents it the more just then because she happens to be badly in debt, and is worried by a judgment summons, and fearing further trouble unless she can immediately raise five hundred pounds. Before his marriage Roddy had often advised her in Stock Exchange speculations; they had speculated in partnership, the arrangement being that she pocketed whatever they won and Roddy bore all the losses; but when she asks him now for a loan of five hundred pounds he reluctantly refuses, because he thinks it would not be fair to Julie for him to do anything more in that way. During the evening, as the only escape from her difficulties, she accepts a proposal from the elderly, hypochondriac Mr. Traffyn, and later, telling Roddy about it when they

Photo by Thos. Forrest & Sons, Pontypridd.

Mr. Joseph Keating.

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are alone together in the billiard room, she lapses into a yearningly sentimental mood that subdues him to a passing sympathy, and in a desperate, momentary outburst she suddenly throws her arms round him and kisses him a last farewell; and at this juncture Julie comes unexpectedly into the room and sees them. Hattie hurries off in a panic, and Roddy's airy explanation that the whole incident was just an accident is not effective. Julie is hurt, indignant, angry; Roddy feels that out of loyalty to Hattie he cannot offer a full account of what has taken place; he is confident that Julie will simmer down and the trouble blow over, but her anger grows, and before the interview is ended she has taken off her wedding-ring and flung it on the billiard-table and declared she will wear it no more. Next day, before Roddy has a chance of seeing her again, she quits the house and goes to her mother. When he goes after her she refuses to see him; and presently runs away abroad to be out of his reach. The rest of the story follows Roddy in his pursuit of her, and in his long-futile, but at last successful, efforts after a reconciliation. It is all written in the gayest, happiest spirit of light comedy. Now and then it becomes almost farcically extravagant; and the closing scene smacks more perhaps of stage-life than of real life; but the whole thing is cleverly and entertainingly done. The dialogue sparkles with humorous and epigrammatic comments on love and life and the ways of men and women, and the story holds you interested and amused throughout.

THE GRIP OF THE PAST. By John A. Steuart. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Our novelists on the whole do not take kindly to the modern political machine. They seem to find in the party system a legitimate butt for humour, and when, as occasionally happens, they themselves become cogs in the well-oiled mechanism, a short shift usually suffices them; the machine demands subservience to the master-pinion, and this of course is incompatible with the free play of individuality. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Wells are but two examples of the many novelists who of recent years have extracted ironical humour out of the political drawing-room and the political backstairs, and in his new novel Mr. Steuart joins company with these hard hitters and tilts merrily at Crumps and the party system. Crumps, the sleek, bland, rubicund, smiling Crumps, is a masterly political strategist, invaluable to his chiefs; he knows all party secrets, and worships the party system as though it were a divine institution. Clever as Crumps is, however, he meets his match in Lady Oakhurst the brilliant Society woman whose ambitions easily outweigh her scruples. She delights in deliberately "using" people to gain her ends; she choses puppets for her purposes "almost as she would choose a frock for Ascot, or jewels for the Opera." At the time the story opens the ends in view are a coronet and a title, and the people Lady Oakhurst, "uses" to gain them include the wily Crumps and two powerful personalities, both young and both famous—one as an explorer and "enlarger of Empires," the other as a lady novelist. The love that draws these two irresistibly together lies strangled in the "grip of the past." The nature of this vicious grip is not clearly disclosed until the end of the story, but the struggles and heart-searchings of the victims provide a passionate undercurrent that is unsuspected, and consequently unallowed for in Lady Oakhurst's schemes, which involve the planting of the famous explorer as a safe Government candidate in an important by-election. Mr. Steuart makes dramatic capital out of the election and the subsequent conduct of Desmond, the explorer, in the House, and also out of the temporary thwarting of Lady Oakhurst's ambition. The characters in the novel are fond of talking, but they talk well and brightly, and their opinions are always worth listening to. Desmond's estimate of the equipment calculated to bring a man out top in politics is worth quoting: "Chiefly a tough fibre, a thick skin, a self-consequent manner, and an unlimited capacity for clap-trap—plus the art of giving to painful, personal ineptitudes the appearance of universal wisdom." Lady Oakhurst's abounding worldly wit and wisdom is also well worth quoting, but enough has been said to guide the discerning reader to a lively topical novel with a more than topical interest.

BARBARA OF THE THORN. By Netta Syrett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Barbara Thorne (the title of the volume derives from the fact that one of Barbara's ancestors had settled in Italy and called himself Della Spina) found herself at the age of twenty-eight, after the dreariest of lives in an English village, possessed of liberty and a small competence. Following a blind impulse, she went to Rome; and it was while visiting historical scenes there that she underwent remarkable psychic experiences, seeming to see re-enacted before her eyes some of the horrors of mediæval Roman history. Dr. Travers, to whom for a time she became engaged, diagnosed it as a case of hysteria. But a more sympathetic solution was arrived at by her future husband, Geoffrey Fraser, who discovered in her father's diary proofs of the historical accuracy of her visions. Barbara was in fact living over again the early adventures of the Della Spina family. As was to be expected, Miss Syrett has not failed to write an interesting story, but the psychic problem is made rather less plausible than it might have been by her over-free use of coincidence. The threads are drawn together with a neatness only permissible in a detective story.

THE MERCENARY. By W. J. Eccott. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Eccott has gained a well-deserved reputation as an historical novelist, and "The Mercenary" is well up to his accustomed level. It is a spirited and enjoyable tale of the Thirty Years' War, with a Roman Catholic Scottish captain for its hero, and for heroine the beautiful and wilful Archduchess Stephanie. It is almost unnecessary to say that the plot centres round the stormy and difficult courtship of these two, and that eventually the hero's grit and determination are successful in winning him the woman he loves. Otherwise we do not propose to give away more of Mr. Eccott's excellent plot, which, with many unexpected twists and turns, is certain to keep the reader alert. Although it must be admitted that for some of his characters and incidents the author has fallen back upon the ordinary historical novelist's stock-in-trade, yet "The Mercenary" seems to us a good deal superior to the general run of fiction of its type. Anyhow, it provides an admirable three hours' amusement.

The Bookman's Table.

THE PRESS AND ITS STORY. By James D. Symon. With 26 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

"The history of the Press," as Mr. Symon remarks in his preface, "has yet to be written." Mr. J. B. Williams wrote, a year or two back, an adequate "History of English Journalism" from its beginnings to the foundation of the *London Gazette* in 1667, but the fuller, more varied, and in many ways more important record of the last two and a half centuries is still to be made. Mr. Symon gives you a very brief sketch of it in his opening chapter, and then devotes himself almost entirely to the story of present-day journalism and how the daily and weekly papers of our own generation are compiled, printed and distributed. This undertaking, which was really his chief purpose, he has fulfilled most thoroughly. There are excellent chapters on how the news is gathered, on the editor, past and present, on the rise of the London daily Press, the evening and the provincial Press, on the society journals, the "penny populars," and the weekly reviews, and a capital account of some of the greatest feats of journalism. Two very interesting chapters are concerned with the illustrated Press—Mr. Symon was himself for

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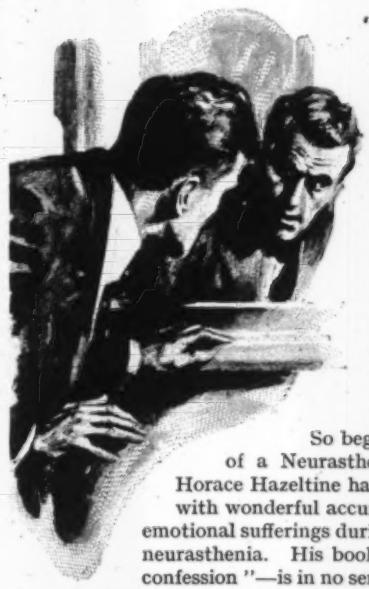

"THERE had been warnings, of course—and yet I had refused to take my condition at all seriously, until suddenly the truth was rushed upon me, and I stood staring at the ghost of my youth and my manhood in the mirror that stretched above my study mantelpiece. My last scintilla of nerve force expended, I was nervously bankrupt."

So begins "The Confession of a Neurasthenic," in which Mr. Horace Hazeltine has reproduced for us, with wonderful accuracy, his mental and emotional sufferings during a severe attack of neurasthenia. His book—"a true personal confession"—is in no sense morbid. It grips our attention from the first page to the last, so that we are filled with sympathy for the unfortunate victim of nerves, and rejoice with him in his recovery.

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"And then I told her. . . and after that, how we both watched for the added signs and symbols of that promised improvement of which we were now already half assured. . .

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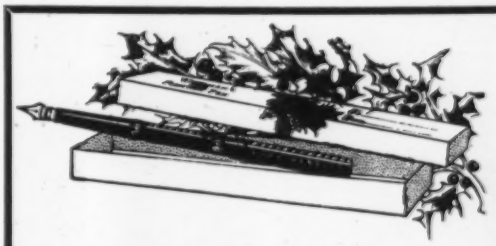
Eventually the reader becomes aware that Mr. Hazeltine has actually written this book to express his gratitude to Sanatogen, which, as he says, "wrought little less than a miracle in me." Appreciating this novel form of testimonial, the proprietors of Sanatogen have published Mr. Hazeltine's book for free distribution among nerve sufferers. It is not an advertisement in the ordinary sense of the word, and everyone who reads it will realise the genuineness of Mr. Hazeltine's confession.

Readers of this article who are interested in the subject should certainly apply for a free copy of the book. It is only necessary to send a post-card, mentioning this paper, to Messrs. A. Wulfing & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.



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many years assistant editor of the *Illustrated London News*. He has traced the growth of the Press from its insignificant, rather mean beginnings to the flourishing power and splendour of its present maturity, and though he is fully alive to certain of its unsatisfactory developments he is optimistic enough to forsee that it will outgrow them and that its greatness is not in the past. Handling the complicated details of his subject with an easy familiarity and a keen sense of the romance of it all, Mr. Symon has written far and away the best and most entertaining story of the English Press that we have yet come across.

FAMOUS ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS. By Dr. A. S. Rappoport. 16s. (Stanley Paul.)

We took up this book of Dr. Rappoport's with anticipations of pleasure. It was a good subject he had chosen, and it possessed distinct possibilities of enjoyment and information for the reader. We had not, however, read more than a few pages before we became aware that a good subject is by no means a guarantee of a good book. Dr. Rappoport's is rather a machine-made production. There is a good deal of talk in the first chapter or two of the beauty of perfect nudity (which no one disputes so long as the figure *is* perfect and the display of it guiltless of offence), but little real matter of value to either the artist or the student of psychology. The author, it is true, heads two of his chapters "The Psychology of the Model" and "Ethics and Aesthetics," and one is tempted to turn to them in the expectation of some serious examination of the subjects, but he rewards us with remarks that may be true enough but are trite and superficial. Instead of a serious study of an interesting and important subject he has given us a chronicle of intrigues between certain famous artists and their models. There is a good deal of indefinite talk about Greek Art, but not much information regarding it, or the spirit that inspired it. Some sort of apparent solidity is given to the book by "appendices," comprising a "Bibliography," and a somewhat arbitrary selection of "famous" artists from "Apelles to Lebrun." The book is entertaining enough, and may interest lovers of light gossip; there are a number of good illustrations, well reproduced.

THE PILGRIM FROM CHICAGO. By Christian Tearle. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

If you have read Mr. Christian Tearle's "Rambles with an American," you will know that he is one of the best of gossipy guides to places of interest—particularly of literary interest—in London and elsewhere about England. You find him at the commencement of his new book, "The Pilgrim of Chicago," sitting in his chambers at Verulam Buildings with his American friend, Mr. Fairfield, and they presently set forth from that place to go and see the Jacob's Island of "Oliver Twist"—the dreary site of the house from which Bill Sikes accidentally hanged himself. Thereafter, they go on other expeditions, not only in and round London, but to Canterbury, where they visit the little inn at which Micawber stayed, and places associated with Chaucer and his Pilgrims; to St. Albans, where Bacon lived, seeing many houses and districts rich in literary associations on the way there; to Lichfield, with its memories of Dr. Johnson. But a good half of the book is given to London. Mr. Tearle has a genius for finding out-of-the-way houses and haunts and for gathering curious information about them. How many people know that No. 5, King's Bench Walk is the "Number Five" referred to by Pope, in one of his paraphrases of Horace, as the home of Lord Mansfield? Or that here Mansfield, before he was raised to the bench, was visited by the great Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who was one of his clients? And at No. 3 you may see the identical entrance "that Dr. Johnson had been wont to cross on his visits to Lord Eldon's brother." If you are interested in these and a hundred other such memorials of the glamorous past, you cannot do better than secure this volume. Mr. Tearle knows his subject thoroughly and communicates his knowledge with so much enthusiasm, and so pleasantly, that you will find his book one of the most entertaining and most useful in its kind that any publisher has given us.

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOK-LOVER. By E. W. Walters. With an Introduction by Coulson Kernahan. 2s. 6d. net. (Charles H. Kelly.)

Every good book-lover has a place in his heart for Alexander Smith, and a first glance through these essays assured us that Mr. Walters' was, to that extent, of the elect. He is, indeed, an enthusiast, "capable, when writing of books, book-making and book-buying," as Mr. Kernahan says in his introduction, "of an enthusiasm which I envy as much as I admire." Sometimes he is a little too elusive. When he comes to write of bedside books he names none but Stevenson's Prayers and Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" He discourses pleasantly on the subject, hints at the sort of books that ought to be on the bedroom shelf, but withholds his individual selection. There is a charming little talk about second-hand books, with a good word, in passing, for the minor poet who helps to fill the penny and twopenny boxes; there are other thoughtful, attractive essays on "Personalities in Bookland," "Books that Tempt," "Books that Captivate," and "Books and Gardens." Mr. Walters moves Mr. Kernahan almost to wrath by a confession that he can walk through the fields, blind to the beauty of his surroundings, with his nose deep in a book, reading as he goes, but this only proves that, as a book-lover, he is the genuine thing, all wool and a yard wide, as the Americans say, He seems to give most of his love to the essayists; most of his quotations are from them and he writes mostly about them, but within his limits he is delightfully enthusiastic and his enthusiasm is contagious. He is a good reader, and his gossip about what he has read makes good reading.

Robert Fleury pinxit, Mouilleron del. **Rembrandt Painting his Mother.**
From "Famous Artists and their Models," by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport (Stanley Paul).

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN. By Louis N. Parker. 1s. and 2s. net. (John Lane.)

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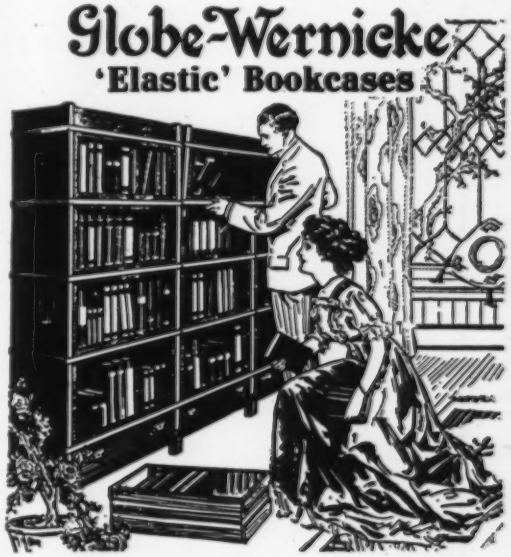

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the stately harmonies of the language of the Scriptures. It needed a Milton to match with a grand style of his own the majestic prose of the old translators of the Bible. To speak plainly, Mr. Parker has taken the fine gold of the biblical narrative and mixed it with the pinchbeck of the modern melodrama. Both story and style have been adulterated. And though in the theatre the gorgeous scenery and the picturesque pageantry of the stage crowds may hide the weaknesses of the play, Mr. Parker's failings as a writer are sadly evident when his work is read away from the glamour of the playhouse. When George Peele went to Scripture for a subject for a drama, he gave us such lines as :

"Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair."

His genius at least was equal to his argument. Mr. Parker handles a great theme, but does not handle it greatly. His drama is readable, and you may read it with interest, but the poetry of thought and phrase that should be in it are not there.

FROM WHEEL AND LOOK-OUT. By Frank T. Bullen. 6s. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.).

A large number of first-hand reminiscences and not a few thrills are to be found in this entertaining collection of sea stories and articles by Mr. Bullen. Whether he is recounting the successful salving of a twelve-hundred-ton barque "with three or four ugly holes in her bottom and five hundred tons of rock ballast, high and dry on one of the stormiest coasts in the world in the winter," or recalling with vivid detail an all-night encounter with the mighty sperm whale, we feel throughout that Mr. Bullen has been faithful to life, and we are grateful accordingly. So also when the author is discussing the new merchant service or criticising the disgraceful conditions of life which obtained on board ship forty-odd years ago (when he first went to sea), his opinions, being founded on actual experience and observation, have an uncommon value. In "The Ship's Post Bag" we are given a poignant autobiographical glimpse. After confessing to a passionate fondness for letter-writing Mr. Bullen continues : "And yet in all my sea career of over fifteen years, I wrote on my own account but ten letters! I had no one to write to until the last two years. . . ." To compensate for this loss he undertook the letter-writing for his shipmates, and how he tackled his engrossing if delicate task he sets down in this human sketch.

Notes on New Books.

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Mr. George Gibbs seems to be a disciple of R. W. Chambers, and in **The Silent Battle** (6s.), he gives us one of those strong but not altogether pleasing stories of New York society which we have grown accustomed to expect from the older writer. Mr. Gibbs's hero suffers from the drink craving, and it is his struggle against this which supplies the book with its title and half of its interest, the other half being comprised in his love-story. Mr. Gibbs writes well, and the book is well worth reading for its careful study of temperament.

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Two of the latest additions to Cassell's Pocket Reference Library are **German Conversation for English Travellers,** by F. F. Bovet and Esther L. Hawkins, and **Cassell's Miniature French-English Dictionary,** edited by F. F. Bovet. Both are excellent little books, and they are certainly remarkable value. for 6d. net. The Dictionary, which has been judiciously abridged from the New French Dictionary also published by Messrs. Cassell, contains a useful appendix embodying, among other subjects, Proper Names, Weights and Measures, Money Tables, and a Guide to the Menu, while travellers in Germany will find the phrase-book an indispensable companion, unless they are unusually proficient in the language. For simplicity and ease of reference we have never seen its equal.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

Around the every-day occurrences in the life of Polly, a happy little American girl living with Doctor and Mrs. Dudley, her "adopted" parents, Miss Emma C. Dowd has written, in **Polly of Lady Gay Cottage** (3s. 6d. net), a delightfully fresh, vivacious story. With sure skill she turns even the most commonplace incident into an event and fills it with absorbing interest; the characters that move in Polly's small world are as natural, and some almost as lovable, as Polly herself. Chance brings her in contact with various real relations who each in turn claim her and urge her to live with them, but the ties of affection between herself and the Dudleys are too strong. In preference to riches and travel and all those things which appeal to young hearts, Polly chooses love and a poverty-pinched home; till a sudden fear that she is a burden on her kind foster-parents leads her to make the great sacrifice which proves conclusively that she is as noble and courageous as one could wish her to be. However, there is a delightful surprise waiting for Polly after all, and for Polly's many friends, inside and outside the book, and we leave her at last at the beginning of a newly-found happiness that she has more than fully deserved.

MESSRS. T. C. & E. C. JACK.

The New Encyclopædia (7s. 6d. net), which Mr. H. C. O'Neill has edited for Messrs. Jack is a miracle of cheapness; better still, it is a miracle of miscellaneous usefulness. This large volume of one thousand six hundred pages claims to give you in the concisest possible form all the information that is usually crowded with difficulty into half-a-dozen volumes, and a careful examination of its pages has satisfied us that the claim is justified. Of course, there are little omissions, but they are surprisingly few, and the article on Milton stumbles badly when it says that one of his best sonnets was on Chapman's "Homer"; but, on the whole, the careful, condensed articles on literature, geography, history, science, law, religion, commerce, education, the terse biographies of the world's great men, and all the thousands of items of varied information that fill the book are thoroughly well done and thoroughly reliable. Numerous maps and illustrations add to the serviceability of a well compiled, exhaustive, and very lucidly arranged work of reference.

MESSRS. HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM.

The Boomerang (6s.) is a reincarnationist novel by a lady, Miss E. Katharine Bates, who has made a life-study of spiritualist subjects. The rather mawkish tale it tells is not very convincingly worked out, however, and, as a whole, the book is far too crude to be effective. Considering her fondness for French phrases and their excessive use, the author might have been more careful to see that they were correctly printed.

MR. JOHN LONG.

To write a novel about a journey, especially when that journey extends to a tour to the Far East and back again, is to attempt an exceedingly difficult task. Jules Verne succeeded in doing it in "Round the World in Eighty Days," but there the interest naturally excited in the mind of the reader, as to whether the hero would "pull it off," made the author's task comparatively easy. In **Wanderings and Woolngs East of Suez** (3s. 6d.), Miss E. B. Redwood has no such central interest to simplify the difficulties of her attempt, and it is paying her constructive and literary skill a great compliment to state that she has made, what might so easily have become merely the diary of a globe-trotter, into quite a charming and well-written romance. The authoress has seen the varied scenes unrolled before her with discerning eyes, and some of her pictures of life *en voyage* are admirable. She has, too, a rare gift of descriptive writing, and one regrets somewhat the necessarily discursive nature of the book, which prevents her from concentrating her gift of description on some one phase of existence. The story is a slight one, and the charm of the book lies solely in the lightning sketches of scenery and character, both of which are done exceedingly well.

MR. FRANK PALMER.

A thoroughly spiteful criticism sometimes makes amusing reading—if you are not particularly concerned in it. For this reason, Mr. Alan Raleigh's **The Real America** (3s. 6d. net) may find a public in this country. The author can see no good in any American manners, customs, morals, or institutions (except their shaving saloons, which appear to be much better than the European variety). For ourselves, much as we admire Mr. Raleigh's spirit and courage, we cannot believe that the United States are a quarter so black as he has painted them. Mr. Raleigh would have been far more convincing if he had been moderate in his language, or if he had the humour to perceive that many of his charges are ridiculous. Nevertheless, a great deal of ink has been spilt in indiscriminate praise of America, and it is as well that the public should realise that there may be another side to the question, even though it be rather absurdly over-stated by this particular writer.